



Charles and his merry Courtiers here you see
Sporting with Wit. and Jest. and Repartee.



Charles and his merry Courtiers here you see
Sporting with Wit, and Jest, and Repartee.

THE
British Phoenix :

OR, THE
GENTLEMAN and LADY's
Polite Literary Entertainer.

CONSISTING

Of a great Variety of all such Scarce and Valuable
LITERARY AMUSEMENTS, as have either long
since been buried in Oblivion, and out of Print;
or such others, at least, as are not to be pur-
chased singly.

Amongst which will be interspersed,
Some of the most *shining Essays*, that have hitherto ap-
peared in the WORLD; together with some select
detached Pieces, in Prose and Verse, never before pub-
lished, but artfully filched from the Closets of the
Curious,

By MERCURIUS TYPOGRAPHICUS, *alias*,
The Printer's DEVIL.

WE, like th^r industrious BEE, range round the Fields,
And each collected Flow'r fresh Odour yields.

L O N D O N :

Printed for, and Sold by H. SERJEANT, at
the Star without Temple Bar. 1761.

BRITISH PHOENIX

Apologies for the Undertaking, and a short
geometrical Address to the Ladies.

H. An Essay on the Advantages of Learning,
and with a poetical Appendix relating to
the progress of it.

III. The Mock-Apologies, &c. &c. &c.

IV. A Comical dialogue, with philosophical
improvements.

V. An Essay on the Nature of Government,
and the Rights of the People.

VI. The Original of the British Nation,
and the Rights of the People.

VII. The Original of the British Nation,
and the Rights of the People.

VIII. The Original of the British Nation,
and the Rights of the People.

IX. The Original of the British Nation,
and the Rights of the People.

X. The Original of the British Nation,
and the Rights of the People.

XI. The Original of the British Nation,
and the Rights of the People.

XII. The Original of the British Nation,
and the Rights of the People.

XIII. The Original of the British Nation,
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XIV. The Original of the British Nation,
and the Rights of the People.

XV. The Original of the British Nation,
and the Rights of the People.

XVI. The Original of the British Nation,
and the Rights of the People.

XVII. The Original of the British Nation,
and the Rights of the People.



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T H E
B O O K - W O R M :
O R , T H E
British Phoenix.

A modest Apology for the general Practice of
Fallacy, in all Trades or Vocations what-
soever, from the Prince to the Beggar: By
way of INTRODUCTION.

*Who need to blush at practising Deceit,
Since All agree, that the Whole WORLD's a Cheat?*



WAS always particularly pleased
(says our ingenious Author, to
whom we are indebted for this
our plea) with that scene, in the
first part of *Henry the fourth*,
where the humorous Sir John
Falstaff, after upbraiding the
Prince with being the corruptor of his morals, and
resolving on amendment, forms a very reasonable
wish,

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with, viz. *to know where a Commodity of good Names may be bought.* It happens, indeed, a little unfortunately, that he immediately relapses into his old courses, and enters into a scheme for a Robbery that night, which he endeavours to justify by calling it his *Trade*: *Why HAL,* says he, *'tis no Sin for a Man to Labour in his Vocation.*

As often as this Passage has occurred to me, I could not help thinking, that, if we were to look narrowly into the conduct of mankind, we should find, the fat Knight's excuse to have a more general influence than is commonly imagined. It should seem, as if there were certain degrees of dishonesty, which were allowable, and that most occupations have an acknowledged latitude in one or more particulars, where men may be rogues with impunity, and almost without blame.

It will be no difficult task to illustrate the truth of this observation, by scrutinizing into the conduct of men of all ranks, orders, and professions.

In order thereto, I shall begin, where it is always good manners to begin, with my betters, and superiors.

The TYRANT, who, to gratify his ambition, depopulates whole nations, and sacrifices the lives of millions of his subjects to his insatiable desire of conquest, is a *glorious Prince*. *Destruction* is his *Trade*, and he is only *Labouring* in his *Vocation*.

The STATESMAN, who spreads Corruption over a country, and enslaves the people to enrich *Himself*, or aggrandize his *Master*, is an *able Minister*; *Oppression* is his *Calling*, and it is no *Sin* in him to *Labour* in his *Vocation*.

The PATRIOT, who opposes the measures of the statesman; who rails at corruption in the house,
and

and bawls 'till morning for his poor, bleeding country, may, if admitted to a post, adopt the principles he abhorred, and pursue the measures he condemned: such a one is a *Trader in Power*, and only *Labouring* in his *Vocation*.

The MAN in OFFICE, whose Perquisites are wrung from the poor pittances of the miserable, and who enriches himself by pillaging the Widow and the Orphan, receives no more than his *accustomed Dues*, and is only *Labouring* in his *Vocation*.

The DIVINE, who subscribes to articles that he does not believe; who neglects practice for profession, and God for his Grace; who bribes a mistress, or sacrifices a sister for preferment; who preaches faith without works; and damns all who differ from him, may be an *orthodox Divine*, and only *Labouring* in his *Vocation*.

The LAWYER, who makes truth falsehood, and falsehood truth; who pleads the cause of the oppressor against the innocent, and brings ruin upon the wretched, is a *Man of Eminence* in the World, and the companion of honest men. *Lying* is his *Trade*, and he is only *Labouring* in his *Vocation*.

The PHYSICIAN, who visits you three times a day, in a case that he knows to be incurable; who denies his assistance to the poor, and writes more for the apothecary than the patient, is an *honest Physician*, and only *Labouring* in his *Vocation*.

The FINE LADY of FASHION, who piques herself upon her virtue, perhaps a little too much; who attends the sermon every Sunday, and prayers every week-day; and who, if she slanders her best friends, does it only to reform them, may innocently

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cently indulge herself in a little *Cheating at Cards*; she has made it her *Vocation*.

The TRADESMAN, who assures you upon his honest word that he will deal justly with you; yet sells you his worst commodities at the highest prices, and exults at over-reaching you, is a *good Man*, and only *Labouring* in his *Vocation*.

The INFIDEL, who, fond of an evil fame, would rob you of a religion that inculcates virtue, and insures happiness as its reward; who laughs at an Hereafter, and takes from you the only expectation that can make life endurable; is a *Dealer in Truth*, and only *Labouring* in his *Vocation*.

The AUTHOR, who, to insure a sale to his works, throws out his slander against the good, and poisons the young and virtuous by *Tales* of wantonness and indecency, is a *Writer of Spirit*, and only *Labouring* in his *Vocation*.

To take characters in the gross, the gamester, who cheats you at play; the man of pleasure, who corrupts the chastity of your wife; the friend, who tricks you in a horse; the steward, who defrauds you in his accounts; the butler, who robs you of your wine; the footman, who steals your linen; the house-keeper, who overcharges you in her bills; the gardener, who sends your fruit to market; the groom, who starves your horses, to put their allowance in his pocket: in short, the whole train of servants, who impose upon you in the several articles entrusted to their care, are only receiving their *lawful Perquisites*, and *Labouring* in their *Vocations*.

I know but of one set of men, who ought commonly to be excepted in this general charge, and those are the Projectors. The schemes of all such gentlemen

gentlemen are usually too romantic to impose upon the credulity of the world ; and not being able to plunder their employers, they are *Labouring* in their *Vocations* to cheat only themselves.

I would not be misunderstood upon this occasion, as if I meant to advise all people to be honest, and to do as they would be done by in their several *Vocations* ; far be it from me to intend any such thing : I am as well assured, as they are, that it would not answer their purpose.—The tyrant would have no glory without conquests ; his ministers no followers without bribes ; the patriot no place without opposition ; the patron no flatterers without promises ; the man in office no perquisites without fraud ; the divine no pluralities without time-serving ; the lawyer no cheats without lying ; the physician no practice without apothecaries ; the tradesman no country-house without exacting ; the fine lady no routs without cheating ; the infidel no fame without proselytes ; and the author no dinner without slander and wantonness. The gamester would be undone ; the man of pleasure inactive ; the gentleman-jockey would sell his horse at half-price ; and the steward, the butler, the foot-man, the house-keeper, the gardener, the groom, and the whole train of servants lose their necessary perquisites.

The old maxim, that *Honesty is the best Policy*, has been long since exploded ; but I am firmly of opinion that the *Appearance* of it might, if well put on, promote a man's interest, though the *Reality* must destroy it. I would therefore recommend it to persons in all *Vocations* (if it be but by way of trial, and for the novelty of the thing) to put on now and then the *Appearance* of a little honesty.

Most

Most men have a natural dislike to be cheated with their eyes open; and though it is the fashion of the times to wear no concealment; yet to deceive behind the mask of integrity, has been deemed the most effectual method. To further this end, the *Appearance* of a small portion of *Religion* would not be amiss; but I would by no means have this matter over-done, as it commonly is. Going to prayers every day, or singing psalms on a Sunday in a room next the street, may look a little suspicious, and set the neighbours upon the watch; nor would I advise, that a tradesman should stand at the shop-door with a prayer-book in his hand; or that a lawyer should carry the whole Duty of Man in his bag to Westminster-hall, and read it in court as often as he sits down: there are other methods that may answer the purpose of cheating much better. A yea and nay conversation, interrupted with a few sighs and groans for the iniquities of the wicked, loud responses at church, and long graces at meals, with here and there a godly book lying in the window, or in places most in sight, will be of singular utility; and farther than this I would by no means advise.

To all those gentlemen and ladies, who follow no Vocations, and who have therefore no immediate interest in cheating, I would recommend the *Practice* of honesty, before the *Appearance* of it. As such persons stand in no need of a cloak, I shall say nothing to them of Religion, only that the *Reality* of it might be useful to them in afflictions; or, if they should ever take it in their heads that they must one day die, it might possibly alleviate the bitterness of so uncommon a thought. To do as they would be done by would in all probability
render

render them happier in themselves, and lead them to the enjoyment of new pleasures in the happiness of others.

As we have ingenuously acknowledged, that the preceding *ludicrous Essay* is a *detached Piece* from the *miscellaneous Lucubrations* of a very ingenious * *Author*, lately deceased; and as 'tis highly probable, that some ill-natured, snarling *Criticks* will be apt, upon that modest concession, to infer from thence, with a sneer, that we have nothing, in fact, to say for ourselves; our society have thought proper, on mature deliberation, to spin out their preface to a still greater length, with a serious Appendix of their own composition (by way of contrast) whereby they humbly hope to convince the public of the innocence and uprightness of their present Undertaking; and to assure the town, that, by their future unwearied diligence and application to their studies, they no ways doubt, but that they shall be enabled to render their three-penny-worth of learning, as acceptable a service, as any of the six-penny productions of the numerous periodical Magazine-mongers, Reviewers, and other literary Free-booters, who have followed their Vocation on the high-road to Parnassus long before them. Without any farther preamble, therefore, we shall proceed to our Appendix, or second Appeal to the Public.

* Mr. Adam Fitz-Adam.

A farther

The B O O K - W O R M :

A farther modest Apology for the present Undertaking.

THE histories of all ages, whether antient or modern (among other important truths) teach us, that the genuine happiness, or real misery of nations, empires, and common-wealths, bear a direct proportion to the learning or ignorance of the individuals which compose them.

Greece and Rome were never exalted to such an astonishing height of glory and power, as when the literal arts were eagerly cultivated, and fondly caressed (as it were) by their industrious sons. On the contrary, those two powerful empires were never so abject, mean, and despicable, as when they were sunk in ignorance, and over-run (if we may be indulged the expression) with barbarity, and a general contempt of every branch of polite literature.

The legislators and philosophers of those mighty states, perceiving this happy and important influence of learning, and the no less fatal effects of ignorance, and the want of a due care to improve the human mind, form the taste, and give a check to the enormities of inordinate and illicit passions, made it their principal study, that nothing should be wanting for the instruction of their Youth of both sexes. “ Our young pupils (said they) are
“ the rising hopes of our country, and however
“ learned and polite we ourselves may possibly be ;
“ yet, if we leave a brutal and illiterate offspring
“ behind us, they will prove a curse to mankind,
“ and transmit our names with the blackest cha-
“ racters

“ racters of infamy and reproach, to latest posterity.”

If these were the sentiments of Solon and Lycurgus, of Plato and Demosthenes, of Seneca and Cicero, why should we be either ashamed or afraid to tread in their glorious footsteps, to address ourselves to the sprightly part of our British youth, gently to amuse them into useful knowledge, and insensibly make them at once admirers and practitioners of that virtue, which must be the basis and support of their liberty and religion, when we are laid low in the dust, and when our memories will be revered, and mentioned with gratitude by our posterity for nothing more, than that we strewed their paths to virtue (as Mr. Rollin is pleased to express it) with roses, and by innocent allurements made them happy.

We only lament our incapacity of executing this noble and exalted design, in so perfect and complete a manner, as those truly venerable and antient Worthies did. Their productions for this purpose were finished, masterly, and striking. Our composures must, doubtless, appear in a very disadvantageous light, when set in competition with theirs. We readily acknowledge this their superiority over us, and that we walk, like the young Ascanius in the hands of his father Æneas, *hanc passibus æquis*.

Notwithstanding this ingenuous and voluntary concession, we shall comfort ourselves with that celebrated Latin maxim, which is no less antient than just. *In Magnis voluisse sat est*. Whatever our abilities may be, our utmost endeavours shall not be wanting to the perfection of our Undertaking; and the uprightness of our intentions will

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(we flatter ourselves) be looked upon as some small atonement for our deficiencies, and want of that sublimity to which they attained.

We have some reason to hope, that our laudable Undertaking will meet with a success in some measure proportioned to our care and industry; since for several years past, we have made it our principal study and concern to treasure up the choicest Originals, to select the best Translations of the most interesting and instructive pieces, and to epitomize the truly useful and beautiful parts of the politest, and most approved authors; and, in a word, like the industrious bee (as * Lucretius has it) to extract honey from the most fragrant flowers. And that the reader may not think himself hereafter imposed upon, or imagine, that we would palm upon him our base coin instead of sterling gold, we do hereby promise, that whenever we give him a Translation, we will constantly acknowledge our Original; and that an abridgment shall never be introduced, without specifying the author, whose flowers we have cropped, and to whom we are indebted for our intended entertainment.

But to conclude, we take this opportunity of apprizing the public, that the profligate and abandoned will be far from finding their account in this work; for our Natural Philosophy, which shall be easy, familiar and instructive, will disdain the very thoughts of the eternity of matter, or the fortuitous concurrence of a parcel of atoms, and tend only to inspire the human mind with great and awful sentiments of the Supreme Being. Our

* *Floferis, ut apes, in saltibus omnia libant,*
Omnia nos itidem. ————— *Luc.*

Morality, tho' strict, shall be far from being superstitious; since by arguments drawn from the eternal and unalterable nature and relations of things, it shall establish all those duties which we owe to God, our fellow-creatures, and ourselves. Our Poetry, tho' we hope somewhat spirited, soft, and correct, shall notwithstanding be far from wanton, lascivious, or indecent. It shall have a tendency to charm the ear, at the same time that its principal aim shall be to mend the heart, and improve the judgment.

In a word, this new Undertaking, in order to avoid the introduction of any thing that may possibly give offence, shall contain in it nothing that in the least favours either of personal or party-reflections, nothing that is repugnant to this incontestible and important truth, that "Religion is the best of professions, and Christianity the best of religions."

HAVING thus opened our Shop with some exceeding good Goods, filched out of one of the best and richest Parnassian warehouses that stands near St. James's; and having after that, very fairly and frankly declared to the Public what sort of Literary Bagatelles, *alias* Toys, we propose hereafter to expose to sale there; and being very ambitious (for divers good causes and considerations Us thereunto moving) of securing as many reputable customers as possibly we can, we shall close this our Preface (in order to render it still more novel) with a very short, but sanguine Application to the Fair Sex (to whose peculiar service no small share of our future Lucubrations shall be devoted) wisely considering, 'tis no less a just than general observation, that the Belles are more

fond of, and take a greater delight in reading books of taste, than the Beaux themselves.

*A short Address to the Ladies, composed originally (but on a much more solemn Occasion indeed) by a truly learned, and poetical * Divine of the Church of England, as by Law established.*

HE A R, ye fair daughters of our British land,
Whose radiant eyes the vanquish'd world
command,

Virtue is Beauty :—But when charms of mind
With elegance and outward form are join'd ;
When Youth makes such bright objects still more
bright,

And fortune sets them in the strongest light ;
'Tis all of Heav'n that we below may view,
And all but Adoration is your due.

In conformity to the plan above laid down, the first topic we shall enter upon (for the general instruction of our British pupils of both sexes) shall be the important advantages of Learning, not abridged from the great Mr. Lock, but artfully filched, by our little Devil, out of the closet of an old student at Oxford ; to which we shall add, a short poetical essay, entituled the Progress of Learning, which tho' we cannot assure our readers to whom we are indebted for that entertainment,

* Dr. Young.

we

we doubt not but that it will be deemed an agreeable amusement, and a very pertinent conclusion of the preceding Essay.

An ESSAY on the important Advantages of
LEARNING.

———*Didicisse fideliter Artes*

Emollit Mores nec sinit esse feros. OVID.

IF we take a survey of human nature, while yet in its savage and uncultivated state, how very few degrees do we find Man removed from the brute Creation? All his desires take their spring from appetite; and all his actions, notwithstanding his boasted Rationality, are determined by principles that differ only in name from what we term Instinct in the Animal World. His happiness, according to his notion of things, consists in the unlimited gratification of all his senses, and his supreme felicity in yielding to the dictates of his most ungovernable passions; if he restrains either the one or the other, it is principally owing to whim, caprice, or some necessary, and perhaps, constitutional impediment, or to the force of a long habit, assumed out of necessity, or by chance. Reason, however, or intellect, has nothing to do in the election, he is totally ignorant of the moral fitness of things, and stumbles upon right and wrong, good and evil, without either choice or design.

As all his desires are dictated by his animal necessities, all his gratifications, all his enjoyments are sensual, momentary, and perplexed. When
hunger

hunger prompts, like other beasts of prey, he satiates his appetite on the spoils of such animals as his strength or cunning enables him to get the mastery of, and is at open and declared war with every thing, whether of his own, or any other species, that opposes the gratification of his appetite, lust, hatred, or revenge.

It is true, he herds with his species, but it is in a kind of unsocial union, enjoying as few of the blessings of rational society, as any other herd of wild beasts, that keep together by instinct, and hunt in droves, for the more easy conquest of such animals as they are accustomed to devour. The connexion between the members of the different herds are exactly the same, and the motives of union perfectly similar, viz. appetite, lust, and the more easy destruction of each their proper prey.

How few, and how small are the glimmerings of rationality, that are discoverable in this uncultivated state of human nature? And how little reason have we to exult over the brute creation, on account of our boasted reason, while it yet remains a mere inactive faculty, and lifeless principles, are enveloped in sense and ignorance? There is nothing man attempts by the force of this faculty in embryo, but is executed in greater perfection by the instinct of the animal creation. The brutes are as ingenious in gratifying their appetites, and taste of every sensual gratification, with as high a relish, as any erect savage on earth; are as sagacious in providing for their necessities, seem to have as much forethought of future contingencies and probable wants, and are as industrious in finding out ways and means to prevent them; and even in works that may, with some kind of propriety, be termed

works

works of art, the quadrupede excels the man; birds, and even insects, may teach him arts, which reason, in its highest state of improvement, can scarcely imitate. How clumsy and rude are the huts of most savage nations, compared with the curious workmanship in the nest of the bird called the king's-fisher? And how much more industry, forecast, and, if I may use the term, skill in architecture, is discovered in the structure and situation of those watery retreats, built by the imitable beaver, than in the construction of the palace of an Indian king? The rude savage may rob and plunder, but cannot imitate the delicate labours of the industrious bee; and all his fore-thought cannot provide better against future and probable contingencies than the despicable pismire. How difficult is it then, in such a state, to determine the pre-heminence between the man and the brute; since the one discovers so little of the use of reason, that the very existence of the faculty may, with some shew of probability, be called in question? How few are the ideas, how vacant must that mind be, that has no subject of reflection, no object of ratiocination, but the same succession of wants, supplies, and gratifications, that alternately succeed one another, without the smallest variation, through the largest periods of time? How ignorant are they of every object about them, when all they are solicitous about, is, whether what they see are fit subjects to gratify their lusts, passions or appetites? How gross are all their conceptions, and how different from truth are all their crude conjectures about the manner or cause of their own existence, or of that of every thing about them? The intellect is buried in sense, and they can look no farther
into

into the original of things, but what they think they can discern by the help of their grossest and most delusive senses; their passions and their fears, not their reason, suggested to them the first notions of religion, and raised up deities, suitable to their gross ideas of things; divinity was attributed to subjects the most grossly, absurd, and shocking to nature; and divine adoration paid by man to objects, capable only of creating horror, contempt, and detestation. As the object of their worship was horrible; so its rites were, for the most part, horrid and impious. Their Pagods were consecrated to vice, and some of their acts of devotion were no more than repeated scenes of lust and lewdness; so that in this case, where they would pretend to betray the greatest tokens of rationality, they offered the grossest affront to the reasoning faculty, discovered more of the brute than the man, and acted rather like lunatics, than creatures actuated by rational principles.

In those first ages of ignorance, and in those corners of the world that are yet envelopped in darkness, how unsociable, rude, and brutally untractable do we find them? How strong their passions, and what slaves are they to their appetites? How trifling are their motives of anger or hatred; yet how implacable, how fierce, and monstrously cruel are they in their revenge? They have no pleasure from reflection, no joys but what are tumultuary, and are utter strangers to tranquility; unless in some of them it is imitated by a stupid kind of inanity, or a heavy lumpish habit, not to be moved even by passion or appetite.

In this state, what a dismal, useless, and mischievous animal is man? Yet such he is, and such
he

he must still have remained, unless Learning and science had taught him to exert his reasoning faculty, that lay a lifeless embryo, buried in earth and sense, till by degrees, knowledge beamed upon the soul, warmed his long chilled faculties, and enabled her to unfold, and exert her intellectual powers.

Then it was, and in proportion to his advances in knowledge, that he ceased to be the brute, and commenced man; then he came under the predicament of a rational creature, conceived the first notions of moral rectitude, the cause, manner, and end of his existence. Sense, appetite, and the tumultuary passions began then to lose their force, and to own the dominion of the intellect or understanding. Then new ideas, new wonders, new worlds, ravished the mind; and discoveries the most interesting, raised new notions of felicity, taught men the end of their existence, and pointed out means of happiness, suitable to a rational creature.

To a mind thus long envelopped in sense and ignorance, how transporting must be the first discoveries of the supreme author of his being! (I mean) such discoveries as human nature is capable of making, without the assistance of Revelation. Though the first fall infinitely short of the last; yet what joy must these diffuse over a mind, totally overwhelmed in ignorance; when instead of stocks, stones, monsters, dæmons, and every thing shocking, to which he has been accustomed to pay adoration, he sees a dawn, a glimmering of real divinity, and from a contemplation of his works, can trace his most amiable attributes of infinite goodness, mercy, and beneficence! How must such a chain of thinking dissipate the gloomy hor-

ror, that formerly brooded on the inactive intellects, and inspire them with notions of felicity, suitable to a rational creature ; a felicity, to which neither sense, passion, lust, or appetite, can contribute in the smallest degree !

How quickly is the vacant mind filled with new ideas, new conceptions, new subjects of reflection and ratiocination, to amuse the thinking soul ; subjects, to which it was before an utter stranger, tho' the most interesting, and the most conducive to its real felicity !

When Learning has spread her influence on the soul, by which I always mean science and real knowledge, she wakes, as it were, from a dream, and begins to be acquainted with herself, her powers, her connections, and relations to things without her, and learns that first, that greatest branch of human science, a knowledge of herself. How large and interesting is this new subject of reflection, and what a change must it operate on the whole man ; and what a contempt must he feel, and what havock must it make upon all his former notions of religion and happiness ! In proportion as men advance in this science, particular persons become virtuous and pious ; and in proportion, as it diffused itself over the bulk of mankind, vice began to give way, and notions of religion, more rational than the former impieties, prepared the minds of the gentile world for the propagation of the worship of the true god, when promulgated by the Gospel-dispensation. But when after the first ages of the church, Learning began to decay ; and darkness and ignorance spread itself over the face of the earth, error, superstition, and idolatry, mingled themselves with the true religion, robbed

robbed it of its purity, and once more involved mankind in vice and ignorance, where they remained for several ages, till an itch of knowledge siezed some particular persons, and Learning, by degrees, was recovered, and enabled to exert its influence on the mind of man; then the clouds dissipated, and a happy reformation followed, that did honour to reason and humanity.

Thus the first and greatest advantages of Learning are, that, without it, our reasoning faculty would be useless and inactive, and thereby we attain to the knowledge of a deity, of ourselves, and of a true religion; which, even without its continued aid, would, according to experience, dwindle into error and gross superstition.

But Learning has not only provided for the great and interesting concerns for our felicity; but has contributed to every part of our rational enjoyment. It has found out new bonds, new motives, and more universal ties of social union. It has founded the connection amongst mankind, not only on the selfish basis of our want of one another's help; but added to the social link that amiable motive of universal benevolence towards our fellow-creatures. That gives a check to the brutal resentment of the fierce savage, smooths his rugged brow, prepares his mind to quit his unreasonable hatred, and join in social league with nations, against whom he has made war for ages, without any other motive than hereditary spite and malice.

It has improved the laws and policies of particular communities; and from the ruins of anarchy, or lawless tyranny, has raised in most nations such laws and policies, as give security to individuals,

duals, peace to the general body, and diffusive justice to all ranks and degrees of people.

In times of ignorance, force and fraud determined right and wrong, and property signified nothing, without power and possession. Now, however, lawless force and violence give place to wholesome laws, and justice and property are determined by known and established maxims, and the eternal principles of right and wrong. This puts the weak, the infant, the poor and the rich, upon the same footing; since the principles of right and wrong are adapted to cases, not to circumstances of persons.

But Learning has not only contributed to the security and improvement of the great concerns of society, her interior laws and policies, in banishing rude customs, and introducing order, decency, and regularity in the morals and manners of the generality of people; but assisting the liberal and mechanic arts, has improved our relish, taste, and enjoyment of life, and furnishes the mind and body with pleasures, which, when not pursued to excess, cheer and enlarge the mind, and strengthen every mental and corporeal faculty.

How rude our manners, how uncouth our dress, almost naked, how uncomfortable our dwellings, and how cheerless and homely our most delicate entertainments, till Astronomical Learning became more universal, and brought the art of Navigation to its present perfection! Then a new scene of correspondence opened amongst mankind, and improved the general union, by which means we imported, not only commodities, but whole arts from distant nations, and from a rude, naked, and savage people, became polite, rich, and powerful,
and

and added to all the necessaries of life, every convenience that could render the enjoyment of it agreeable.

These are the advantages of Learning to a whole people; but to enumerate those it conveys to individual persons would be an endless labour. We shall only say, that he that is possessed of true science has within himself the spring and support of every social virtue, a subject of contemplation that enlarges the heart, and expands every mental power, a subject that is inexhaustible, never fatigates, but is ever new, amusing, useful, and interesting. It is a sure foundation of tranquility, amidst all the disappointments and torments in life; a friend, that can never deceive, that is ever present to comfort and assist, whether in adversity or prosperity; a blessing, that can never be ravished from us, by any casualty, fraud, violence, or oppression, but remains with us in all times, circumstances, and places, and may be had recourse to when every other earthly comfort fails us. It stamps an indelible mark of pre-heminence upon its possessors, that neither chance, power, nor fortune can equal in others, who are void of this inestimable blessing. It gives real and intrinsic excellence to man, and renders him fit for the duties of social life. It calms the turmoils of domestic life, is company in solitude, and gives life, vivacity, variety, and energy to social conversation. In our youth, it calms our passions, and employs usefully our most active faculties, and is an inexhaustible fund of comfort and satisfaction in old age, when sickness, imbecility, and diseases have benumbed every corporeal sense, and rendered the union betwixt soul and body almost intolerable, without

without this mental gratification, this intellectual balm; from whence a mind, possessed of real, useful, and extensive science, can draw comfort, serenity, and tranquility, by the force of thinking, in the most excruciating agonies of the gout and stone.

A short Poetical Appendix to the preceding Dissertation, as it was spoken with universal Applause, by a Lilliputian of seven Years of Age only, by way of Prologue, to a short dramatic Interlude, at a private Academy in the Country.

*Favete Linguis. * * * VIRG.*

Virginibus Puerisque; canto. — HOR.

BY nature savage, till instructive art,
Fashions his mind, and cultivates his heart;
Thro' vice and error the impetuous youth
Roams uncontroll'd, and shuns the paths of truth;
Unruly appetites his virtue sway,
His will commands, and passions lead the way:
But, when the SCHOOLS have lent their social aid,
And from his brain dispell'd the native shade,
His tender front the dawning genius rears,
And shining virtue in her bloom appears.

So on his furrow stands the lab'ring swain,
And to the glebe commits the pregnant grain;
Lodg'd in the earth an embryo-harvest lies,
Till the sun's genial influence bids it rise;
Then joyous he surveys his fruitful ground,
With plenteous crops, and golden honours crown'd,
The

The Child, as soon as he can liſp his name,
Is ſtrait committed to the careful Dame ;
Till by revolving years his mind is wrought
To deeper knowledge, and maturer thought :
She to his hand the letter'd Horn applies,
And with the feſcue guides his wand'ring eyes.

The Youth, whoſe breſt the warlike God inſpires,
And with a generous thirſt of glory fires,
Within the liſts a bloodleſs combat wage,
With ſeeming hatred, and diſſembled rage ;
Undaunted, when BRITANNIA calls to fight,
Shall crown her battles, and defend her right.

Some follow Nature in her gloomy maze,
And trace the Goddeſs thro' unbeaten ways ;
A ſtudious race ! whoſe boundleſs proſpects riſe,
High o'er the clouds, and pierce the inmoſt ſkies ;
They meaſure earth thro' all her diſtant lands,
They tell the ſtars, and count the yellow ſands.

Here, in throng'd Schools, the ſtern Grammarians
teach

The beauties and proprieties of ſpeech :
To love of arts they mould unpraſtis'd Youth,
And form their tender years to ſpotleſs truth.

Here too BRITANNIA's unexperienc'd Fair
To the frequented Dancing-ſchool repair ;
Each ſhining nymph improves her pretty face,
With winning features, and becoming grace ;
To the ſhrill hautboy and the fiddle's ſound,
They ſhift alternate feet, and preſs the ground.

Here that nice art the ſtudious Pupils try
Of painting words, and ſpeaking to the eye ;
Which in the various ſhapes of figures wrought,
Give colour, and a body to a thought.

Thrice happy mortal ! on whose earthly breast,
 The likeness of his MAKER is impress'd !
 Thrice happy mortal ! whose enlighten'd mind
 To useful arts and wisdom is inclin'd !
 Thro' tedious Schools we hunt the lovely Maid,
 And by the prize confess our toil o'er-paid ;
 Of things the secret causes we explore,
 From whence the sun recruits his golden store :
 What period bounds each rowling orb of light ;
 Where new-fledg'd whirlwinds try their noisy flight ;
 Where tempests sleep, and infant-thuuder springs,
 Why nimble lightning mounts on golden wings ;
 What binds the water in an icy chain,
 And from what source proceeds the pearly rain :
 The soul forgets her gross restraint of clay,
 And, eager after knowledge, wings her way.

AS divers Adepts in Astronomy have been for some considerable time employed in reading long and elaborate Lectures to the beaux and belles, not only on the Comet that has already been discovered ; but on THAT likewise which, in all probability, will make its appearance in the year 1758 ; and as too many of those polite Attendants, more especially those of the Fair sex, who are apt to be startled at Oddities, and uncommon Occurrences, have been struck with such a Pannic, that has shook them worse than if they had been actually shivering under a severe tertian ague, on account of the fatal effects they too vainly imagine, that those phœnomina may possibly produce, we flatter ourselves that the following EXTRACT from the humourous and inimitable writings of Mr. BUTLER, long since deceased, together with our short, but practical reflexions on the Absurdity of Presages, and

and the idle terrors of portents and prodigies arising from such celestial appearances, will be deemed, at this critical conjuncture, as useful and important a lesson of instruction for one twentieth part of Three-pence, as those of our more learned brethren, to which no one can be admitted as an Auditor only, for less than a Shilling.

The Mock-Astrologers; or, the Absurdity of Presages.

*When superstition reign'd, the vulgar saw
Each gleam of light, each blazing-star with awe;
But, wiser grown, those idle fears are o'er,
Portents, and prodigies are now no more.*

They'll search a planet's house to know
Who broke, and robb'd a house below;
Examine Venus and the Moon,
Who stole a thimble, who a spoon:
And tho' they nothing will confess,
Yet by their very looks can guess;
And tell what guilty aspect bodes;
Who stole, and who receiv'd the goods:
They'll feel the pulses of the stars,
To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs,
And tell what crisis does divine
The rot in sheep, or mange in swine:
In men, what gives, or cures the itch;
What makes them cuckolds, poor, or rich:
What gains or loses, hangs or saves,
What makes men great; what fools; what knaves;

But not what wise.——Only of those
The stars, they say, cannot dispose,
No more than can the Astrologians;
There they say right, and like true Trojans.
Some towns and cities, some, for brevity,
Have cast the 'versal world's nativity,
And made the infant-stars confess,
Like fools or children, what they please :
Some calculate the hidden fates
Of monkeys, puppies, dogs and cats ;
Some running-nags, and fighting-cocks ;
Some love, trade, law-suits, and the pox.
Some take the measure of the lives
Of fathers, mothers, husbands, wives ;
Make opposition, trine and quartile,
Tell who is barren, and who fertile ;
As if the planets first aspect
The tender infant did infect ;
No sooner has he peep'd into
The world, but he has done his do ;
Catch'd all diseases, took all physick,
That kills, or cures a man, that is sick :
Married his punctual dose of wives,
Is cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives :
There's but the twinkling of a star
Between a man of peace and war.
A thief and justice, fool and knave,
A huffing officer, and a slave ;
A crafty lawyer, and pick-pocket,
A great philosopher, and a blockhead ;
A formal preacher, and a play'r ;
A learn'd physician, and man-slay'r ;
As if men from the stars did suck
Old-age, diseases, and ill-luck :

Wit, folly, honour, virtue, vice,
 Trade, travel, women, claps and dice;
 And draw, with the first air they breathe,
 Battle and murder, sudden death;
 As wind in th' hypocondries pent,
 Is but a blast, if downward sent,
 But, if it upwards chance to fly,
 Becomes new-light and prophesy.
 "Thus, what most star-gazers advance
 "Is all a dream, a meer romance." HUDIBRAS.

But to be serious, in regard to the Comet that now is, and that which shortly is expected to make its appearance in the heavens.

A COMET is a solid, compact, fixed and durable body; a kind of planet that moves freely various ways in oblique lines, and has frequently a motion quite contrary to the course of the other planets. Its tail is a very thin vapour, which its head, or nut emits, in proportion as it is heated by the Sun.

As to the duration of it, it is longer or shorter, according to the heat that it imbibes in its Perihelia, that is to say, in its nearest approach to the Sun.

In the Philosophical Transactions we are told, that the Comet, which made its appearance in the year 1680, imbibed so much heat by its approaches to the Sun, that it would have been two thousand times hotter than red hot iron, had it been a globe of that metal; and that supposing it as big as the Earth, and at the same distance from the Sun, it would be fifty thousand years in cooling before it recovered its natural temper.

A Practical Improvement of the preceding Account.

AS this, and most other Comets, are much nearer the Sun than our Earth, Venus or Mercury (all due thanks to the Supreme Being for it!) we have nothing to dread; for 'tis, in the first place, very uncertain whether a body, so remote from the Earth, can emit thither any matter capable of any considerable action; or, if it could, it may as well be productive of something prosperous, as what is shocking and fatal. And if it be allowed, that extraordinary calamities have attended them; yet it is idle to imagine, that they are either the signs, or causes thereof; since the same influence may be ascribed to what we please; as well to the birth or marriage of a prince, as to his downfall, or decease; as well to a peace, as to an invasion; and lastly, it is not true, in fact, that more calamities have happened in years immediately succeeding the appearance of a Comet, than at any other time.

Having thus given the public a transient idea of our own sentiments in regard to the above-mentioned uncommon appearances in the Heavens in particular; we shall recommend to our Belles and Beaus the serious perusal of the subsequent polite Essay on Omens in general, composed by a gentleman of Oxford, long since deceased, but by what name, or how otherwise dignified and distinguished we ourselves are at a loss to determine.

An ESSAY on OMENS, in general.

*Tu ne quæsieris scire (nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi
Finem Dii dederint, Leuconæ, nec Babylonios*

Tentaris numeros. HOR. Lib. i. Od. xi.

IT is an excellent observation of a late elegant and polite writer, that as it is the endeavour of wise men to retrench the evils of life; so it is the custom of fools to increase them. Our author applies this with great justice to a set of weak-minded people, who are always making themselves uneasy, from a superstitious and irrational regard they pay to things they are pleased to fancy Omens. This is a folly, of which, at present, it is hard to say, whether it be more ridiculous, or more common. One may every day see multitudes, and I am ashamed to say amongst them some even of quality, who are so infatuated with these notions, that they imagine they have not a limb, a creature, or an utensil about them, which has not in it, in some manner or other, the spirit of prediction. The tingling of an ear, the itching of an eye, the howling of a dog, the crossing of knives, or the falling of salt, never fails putting them in concern; nor is there an accident of life so innocent, trivial, or common, as not to be capable of filling them with terror and amazement.

This feebleness of soul, tho' generally ascribed to the errors of education, is indeed owing to nothing else but the want of reflection. If people would but give themselves leave to think calmly, it is impossible for them not to perceive, that since there is an absolute inconnection between those things

things, vulgarly call'd Omens, and every accident of human life, that therefore all these whims of prognosticks are downright chimeras, introduced originally either from the fancies of weak, or the contrivances of wicked men. Such an habit of reasoning as this, if seriously attended to, would quickly arm their minds against such fantastic apprehensions, and deliver them by degrees from those ridiculous pannics, with which, to the scandal of human nature, they are apt to be seized, at the chirping of a cricket, or the ticking of a death-watch.

If, without a fault, we may divert ourselves with the whimsies of people who are infected with this species of madness, Oliva, an old maid, and a neighbour of ours, might now and then be entertaining. She never has any thing befalls her without some fore-notice or other; she perceives gifts from her nails; is forewarned of deaths by the bursting of coffins out of the fire; purses too from the same element promise money; and her candle brings her letters constantly before the post. She is the oracle of all the giddy girls in the neighbourhood, who resort to her every morning to have their dreams told: tho' some of the old people hereabouts are so far from having so good an opinion of her, that they are apt to fancy she deals with something worse than herself.

The desire of knowing future events is always a sign of a weak mind, and as such, we find it a very predominant passion, as well amongst the great vulgar, as the small. Tho' it must be confessed of this folly, if that be any thing in its favour, that it is of a very antique original; and that even the most early ages were over-run with it: in
which

which ages, as the world was very fruitful of inquisitive and credulous fools; so also it was of course productive of cheats, impostors, and deceivers. The Chaldeans, who had acquired a very just reputation for their knowledge in Astronomy, began the first, in compliance with the taste of those times, to pervert that noble science, and instead thereof to introduce a spurious kind of starry divination, which has passed in the world ever since by the name of Astrology. Thereby, as if they had forgot that end, for which God, according to the Scriptures, created the heavenly lights, viz. for the regulating of times and seasons, they have even asserted, mankind to be ruled by their influences, the course of events by them to be directed, and in fine, that their power is so great, as either to supply, or to over-rule the decrees of Providence; than which it is impossible to imagine any thing more irrational or absurd.

For the practice of this delusive art, not only the Chaldeans, but even their neighbours the Jews grew so famous, that, during the time of the Roman empire, they made a trade of either standing at the corner of bridges, or of accosting passengers on the road, and, like our Gypsies, offering, on crossing their hands with a piece of silver, to tell them their fortune. While professors of the same art, though of somewhat an higher rank, made it their business, in Rome itself, to impose on persons of distinction, which they did to such a degree, that their villanies became so notorious at last, that the legislature thought fit to exert itself, inasmuch that they were all banish'd Italy by decree.

It may indeed seem something strange, that so wise and learned a people as the Romans, should fall into this infatuation; but it will, however, appear much more excusable in them than in us, if we consider the theology that prevailed amongst them, and that the prejudice of education was universal, which made not only the many, but some also even of their greatest men, ready to fall into this superstition.

Lucan, in his *Pharsalia*, sets this subject, of which we are speaking, in the fullest and most beautiful light that can be imagined. He introduces Labienus, in the name of the whole army, addressing Cato, and entreating him, that since Heaven had directed their march so near the famous temple of Jupiter Ammon, that he would therefore indulge their unanimous desire so far, as to consult the Oracle upon their success. To which that poet makes Cato reply, with a spirit truly worthy of that famous champion of the Roman liberty; which speech, as its generally esteemed one of the most shining parts of the poem, our readers, perhaps, may not be displeased with the translation.

Full of the God, that labour'd in his breast,
Thoughts worthy of a God, he thus express:
Whither, O Labienus, would'st thou go?
Or what strange things are these you long to know?
Would'st thou be told, whether it better be,
To live a slave, or thus in arms die free?
Would'st thou be told, if force should ever make
A patriot in his country's cause turn back?
Would'st thou be told, if fortune on us frown,
Or if with glory, Heaven our arms should crown?

Whether

Whether our loss, or whether our success,
Would make our virtue either more or less?

If these the secrets are, you would unfold,
These may without an Oracle be told.

Unsought for these, be Ammon's sacred ground,
A nearer Temple of the God is found.

Within ourselves the Deity resides,
O'er all our thoughts, and all our acts presides.

When life he gave, he did himself infuse,
And when he speaks, he needs no voice to use:

All that for us to know he thought was fit,
Is by himself within our bosoms writ.

Think'st thou, that God, to hide himself inclin'd,
To scorching sands, and pathless plains confin'd,
Where hills of dust, by warring winds are hurl'd,
Cramp'd in this savage corner of the world?

Has God a place, in earth, in seas, in air,
In heav'n, in virtue?—He will sure appear.

Where'er we turn, where'er we look, or move,
All, all is HIM! and ev'ry where is JOVE.

Let doubting fools, to juggling priests repair,
Not led by piety, but aw'd by fear.

Tho' Oracles, no certainty can give,
'Tis certain, death will all our woes relieve;

One common fate must wait upon us all,
And arm'd with virtue can we fear to fall?

This solves all doubts, this leaves no room to fear,
Jove told us this, and need no more declare.

Then march'd, and left horn'd Ammon unador'd,
And neither Priest, nor Oracle explor'd.

The miseries of life are so heavy and numerous
in themselves, that we need not by anticipation
endeavour to encrease them; and for those delights
which mankind are capable of enjoying here, they

are all of such a nature, as to be much impaired, when they are preceded by a lingering expectation. A regard then for our own concerns, if we rightly understand them, will be sufficient to bar us from those fantastical enquiries, which, when we have bestowed all the pains we can about them, we shall find to end in nothing but fraud, folly, and deceit. For to imagine, that the decrees of providence are absolutely inscrutable to the clearest and most elevated understandings, and that its deepest secrets should at the same time be perspicuous to quacks, madmen, and old women, for such are generally the professors of those mysteries, is a position equally absurd and wicked.

In former ages, when men, if we mistake not, were in general much more learned than they are at present, a good deal of cunning, nay, and some reading too, was needful to qualify one of these pretenders to the occult sciences for success; but in this age, much less disguise is necessary, or more properly speaking, they impose upon us barefacedly, and without any disguise at all. To hear a fellow, with a very grave face, talking of sextile and quartile aspects, of oppositions and conjunctions of the planets, and of the different position of the various houses of heaven, we must acknowledge that it is no great wonder, if by such a person, one who wants education should be deceived. But to fancy that the records of fate are written in the bottom of a coffee-cup, and that too in characters so broad, as that the most silly, illiterate wretch breathing may read them, is so monstrous an absurdity, that did not daily experience convince us, one could hardly be persuaded, that

that a rational being could ever sink so low as to believe it.

As this essay is designed in a more particular manner, for the use of our female readers, we shall close it with a story, of the truth of which we are convinced, and which may, we hope, in some measure serve to conduce towards putting fortune-tellers out of favour.

A lady of quality, a celebrated beauty, with twenty thousand pounds in her pocket, to whom a peer of England at that time paid his addresses, went to a late famous fortune-teller to enquire into the secrets of futurity. The conjurer, with his usual confidence, assured her, that if she refused whatever offers of marriage were at present made her, within four years, a certain great personage would arrive, and that she should then speedily become the wife of no less than a sovereign prince of the Holy Roman empire. The lady unhappily took his advice, dismissed the nobleman, and about fifteen years after died a neglected old maid of forty-five, without ever hearing one word more of this same prince, than what had been told her by the aforesaid conjurer.

To the Publisher of the BOOK-WORM.

S I R,

I Have been a member of the antient and venerable society of Bucks, for almost fifty years successively, and have never once failed of marching in their pompous and solemn procession to Charlton, on the feast of St. Luke; by the vulgar

termed Horn-fair Day. At our church door, I received from the clerk of the parish the two pamphlets enclosed; which, as they are scarce, and communicated to none but the members, may possibly pass for good Goods in your Parnassian warehouse. I know several, who have not as yet been admitted, that would be fond of seeing them exposed to public sale, and appear to advantage in your merry, tho' moral Miscellany. If, therefore, your society of Antiquarians shall think proper to reprint them, I flatter myself, that they will not only serve to fill up a chasm in your Paper, but be deemed (as they are perfectly innocent and inoffensive) proper provisions for your convent.

I am, with all due deference and respect, your hearty well-wisher, and I presume, the very first of your correspondents,

A. Z.

The force of LOVE; or, the SYLPH's Revenge.
A NUMIDIAN NOVEL, humourously illustrating the Origin, and Antiquity of CUCKOLDOM.

Omnia vincit Amor——Et nos cedamus Amori.

OVID.

ALCIMEDES, some centuries ago, was king of * Mauritania; and although the climate of his country was excessive hot, and all

* The antient name of the coast of Barbary in Africa, from the city of Tangier to that of Algiers.

his

his subjects black as night, his majesty, by the partial hand of nature, was fair as the new-born day. The king, his royal father, was married to a Grecian princess, a celebrated beauty, yet more esteemed for the graces of her mind, than her external charms. Each loyal African was lavish in her praises; yet still she was so good, praise could not speak her worth.

The young prince, her son, was the perfect image of his mother. Cupid never resembled more exactly the * Cyprian goddess. His perfections grew every day more and more conspicuous. Nature never framed a lovelier person. To the most exact shape, the most regular features, and the most engaging air, was added such a peculiar sweetness, mixed with majesty, as is above the power of eloquence itself to represent. No wonder, if such external charms and innate virtues rendered him the object of universal love, and the darling of his people.

Tho' his royal parents died whilst he was very young, yet he filled the throne with an uncommon grace, and gave early demonstrations of his sprightly genius, heroic exploits, and prudent conduct. His leisure-hours, when affairs of state did not require his more immediate attendance, were devoted to the field; hunting being his favourite diversion.

One day, as he was warmly pursuing the chase over a wide and distant forest, he wandered cross a thousand various paths, regardless of his friends, Lost and alone, he travelled thus till † Phœbus was declined, and sunk into the ocean. At last,

* Venus, the queen of love.

† The Sun, or the god of day.

before his eyes appeared a stately palace, all built with marble, white as snow. His curiosity induced him to alight, and view the pompous edifice. At some small distance he beheld, with an agreeable surprize, a lady, gayly drest, and beauteous as a goddess; her vest was scarlet cloth, embroidered all with silver, and her girdle set with diamonds. Upon her head she wore a plume of parti-coloured feathers. A veil of silver gawze hung flowing from her head to her left side, and there was fastened with a scarlet ribband. Several nymphs attended her; all neatly drest, but not so gay, or so magnificent.

Alcimedes stood still, and gazed awhile with admiration on the goddess, and her beauteous train; and then would have withdrawn, thro' modesty, lest, as a stranger, he might be thought too bold, and give offence; but the gay queen approached him with a smile, and taking him, in the most friendly manner by the hand; "Great prince, said she, I long have waited for a proper opportunity to entertain you at my palace; and freely to confess the truth; 'twas thro' my means you lost your road; 'twas I prevented your return. Command whatever you please for your refreshment; I reign here a petty goddess. I am the sovereign of your Sylphs, and am by name Dulcinea. If you can love a maid, like me, and can be ever true, no monarch in the world shall be more happy. Weigh well the proposition. Look back into your heart, and don't deceive yourself. If you prove false, my power is great, and I shall be inexorable. Vengeance will follow injured love." What mortal could withstand so fair an offer? Who would not swear

swear eternal constancy and truth to one so courteous, and so fair?

The god of love shot all his fires into his breast, and his whole heart received them. The prince, upon his bended knees, confessed his flame, and vowed that it should last for ever; that the needle sooner should forsake its north, than he forget her charms. Dulcinea, willing to be deceived, and conscious of her merit, easily believed him. She introduced him to her private apartment, and there was lavish of her favours.

Alcimedes having spent some few days in the full enjoyment of all his heart could wish, took leave of his fair goddess, and returned to court.

During his absence, all his loyal subjects entertained a thousand anxious thoughts. A heavy melancholy sat on every brow: but the first moment he appeared, the palace swarmed with thousands, who attended to express their joy for his return. Alcimedes, however, impatient to revisit the dear object of his wishes, returned next morning to his fair Dulcinea.

A twelvemonth thus was spent in all the extasies of love. All his enjoyments centered in his Sylph: blest in her fond embrace, and master of her treasures, he thought himself the favourite of fortune, and the happiest prince the world could boast of.

And had he lived content he might have ever been so; but the too fond indulgence of the Sylph palled his nice appetite of love. Her over-zeal to please gave him distaste. He gradually grew indolent and cold. He took his leave of her, and made a thousand little excuses, as he thought plausible, for his departure: sometimes he would spend whole weeks without a visit, and when she sighed
out

out her complaints of his delay, it was with reluctance that he begged her pardon.

The Sylph too visibly discerned his coldness with concern ; but as her nature was submissive, mild, and gentle, she did not suffer her resentment to overcome her reason, but endeavoured, by all the tenderest endearments imaginable, to rekindle the dying flames.

In this unhappy posture stood their love-affairs, when the queen of * Numidia arrived at the court of Alcimedes, to implore his assistance against her enemies, who had dethroned her, soon after the decease of her royal consort. The princess Badinella, her daughter, attended her ; who, tho' she was not a regular beauty, was yet a favourite of Venus ; a thousand little Cupids danced in her sparkling eyes.

Alcimedes with pleasure listened to her complaint, and promised her his royal aid. He appointed a beautiful apartment in his palace for their reception, and a numerous retinue to attend them, in some measure suitable to the growing passion which he conceived for Badinella.

The Sylph was now entirely neglected. The Numidian took up all his thoughts, and triumphed over his heart ; nor did he study to conceal her conquest.

Badinella, conscious of what importance her interest in Alcimedes would be to her mother under her present unhappy circumstances, exerted all her charms, and darted such pleasing glances from her eyes, as, tho' they promised nothing, gave him no reason to despair. But as nature had formed

* The antient name of Biledulgerid, in Africa.

her a Coquet, she resolved to extend her conquests, and not confine them to her protector.

There was a foreign prince residing then at court, whose name was Calisto. Young Cupid soon directed him to Badinella. He made her a warm declaration of his passion; nor was she deaf to his entreaties.

Alcimedes, being informed of their frequent interviews, paid her a visit, and with an amorous sigh complained of her indulgence to his rival. Badinella, with an artful air, replied, that she was mistress of her heart, till she had received the queen's commands to make a present of it to himself; and in obedience to her royal will, she readily resigned it; and that if her innocent freedoms with Calisto created him the least disquiet, she would never see him more.

Alcimedes, transported with this success, this open declaration of the princess, resolved to marry her without delay, and waited on the Numidian queen for her consent; who, proud of the proposal, soon complied.

He did not doubt but his fond, easy fool Dulcinea would acquiesce in this alliance; and thought to stifle her resentment, by proposing to keep up still his former correspondence, and retain the same respect as usual.

Accordingly he makes her a formal visit; and after a thousand fond, tho' forced endearments, opens the important secret; tells her, it was the petition of his loyal subjects, that he should take some royal partner to his bed; that it was not in his power to resist their repeated solicitations; that the young Numidian was the princess recommended to him by the court; that his compliance with

their motion was not the result of any amorous inclination, but the tender regard alone which he had for the welfare and prosperity of his people ; that she was sensible, such an union of the two crowns was an affair of the last importance, and that he flattered himself, as things were thus circumstantiated, she would not oppose the public solemnization of their nuptials ; that, in short, tho' Badinella was to have his hand, Dulcinea alone should command his heart.

The Sylph was ever jealous of the faith and constancy of Alcimedes ; but upon his undisguised confession, she raved with all the madness of despair. At first, involved with gloomy thoughts, she purposed mighty mischiefs in her heart. The false, perfidious prince, and her fair rival Badinella were doomed to die that moment ; but soon resuming her lost reason, and by her magic art foreknowing that the Coquet would soon revenge her wrongs, and bring him to severe repentance, she forgave him, and promised him moreover to attend his nuptials.

Alcimedes, transported with this generous compliance, fell prostrate at her feet, and owned ten thousand obligations. He takes his leave, and flies upon the wings of love to the Numidian Fair.

All things now are prepared with the utmost expedition, and every moment seems an age till Badinella's crowned. The long, long wished for morning comes, and the kind Sylph repairs to the young bride's apartment, in all the pomp and majesty of dress, to grace their nuptials. Four beautiful nymphs attend her with gay, costly presents, closed in little golden baskets.

Badinella

Badinella received them with an air inexpressibly engaging; and having dressed herself more gay than * Iris, hastened to the temple, where the king and priests attended.

The nuptials were solemnized with all the pomp religion could devise. Joy sat on every face, and plenty crowned the day. At night, the Sylph retired to her own palace, unwilling to be witness of her rival's further transports, and waited with the impatience of an abandoned lover to see her wrongs revenged.

Scarce had one moon run round her destined course, but Badinella, thinking her Alcimedes now her doating slave, put on a thousand airs. All things at court gave way to pleasure. The day was spent in tilts and tournaments; the nights in balls and masquerades. The court-ladies, in complaisance to her majesty, indulged themselves in indolence and ease; and their whole study was to improve their charms, and make new conquests. The husbands durst not murmur, or restrain them. The king's indulgence to his Badinella was sufficient sanction.

In vain did the Numidian queen advise her daughter to be more upon her guard, and to conceal more artfully her inclinations for Calisto. In vain she told her, that Alcimedes's eyes would soon be open, and observe her motions; and that she feared she would fall a victim to his fierce resentment.

Badinella, deaf to instruction, still was as gay, and as ungarded in her conduct.

* The rain-bow.

With torment Alcimedes now perceives her coldness and neglect. The monarch flies to his indulgent Sylph, and in her bosom vents his grief.

Dulcinea, kind and obliging still, endeavours to convince him, that his love for Badinella is but an aggravation of his sorrows. " O prince, she cried, how distant has my conduct been to her's, whom you have preferred before me ? I lived alone for you. You were the only object of my wishes, and every way I studied to oblige you. But you, ungrateful prince, abandoned me for one, who both despises and betrays you ; and in your very palace entertains your rival, listens to his love-sick tales, and makes him fond returns."

The queen, replied Alcimedes, I am satisfied, never loved Calisto. I know her well ; her heart is mine, and mine alone. 'Tis true, she likes his conversation. He complies with her gay temper, finds out continual, new amusements for her ; treats high, dances well, sings agreeably, and contributes to all her pleasures ; but could I once suspect her false, she soon should feel the weight of my resentment. That moment would I tear her from my heart, and banish her both from my throne and kingdom.

" O prince, replied the Sylph, you are so wilfully blind, and labour so to justify your queen's ill-conduct, that I pity your misfortunes. I'll give you an opportunity to try her virtue, and set your heart, if possible, at rest. Here ! take this Lilly, white as the new fallen snow. Present it to your queen in this white marble jar. If she has lost her honour at a sordid game, and proved a traitor to your arms, the Vessel and
" the

“ the Lilly will turn black as jet ; if she has still
 “ preserved her chastity unspotted, and all her
 “ little freedoms are nothing more than harmless
 “ gaiety, the Lilly and the Jar will both retain
 “ their native whiteness.”

The king took his leave, and thanked Dulcinea for her present. He flies home to his queen, impatient till he had delivered it, and made the important trial.

Badinella was charmed with the beauty of the Lilly, and the fine wrought-work upon the Jar. She ordered it to be carefully locked up amongst her most valuable curiosities.

The king could not rest all night, thoughtful of this new project, on the success of which, his future happiness or misery so much depended. Next morning he arose, and with a lover's haste flew to the queen's apartment.

The moment he entered, Badinella took him by the hand, and with her usual gaiety of temper, thus addressed him. “ Good Gods ! my Alcimedus, do but come and see ! Who could have
 “ thought of such a surprizing alteration in one
 “ night ? The Lilly and the Jar you made me a
 “ present of but yesterday, that was as white as
 “ snow, is now become as black as jet.” But (perceiving him change colour, and sink into a chair that stood behind him) “ What ails you my
 “ Alcimedus, she cried, in some confusion ? Why
 “ thus altered all on a sudden ? Are you not well ?
 “ You are strangely out of order.” Oh ! madam, says he, withdrawing his hand from her's, I now alas ! too plainly am convinced of my misfortune, and your falsehood.—The Sylph was too true a prophetess. “ What ! Sir (said she, without a
 “ blush,

“ blush, and with all the unconcern imaginable)
 “ am I to be suspected on such trivial proofs, and
 “ by my foe produced? Consider, Sir, she is my
 “ rival, and has enchanted this her present, only
 “ to traduce me. Oh! unhappy Badinella!”—
 Here she sighed, and dropt an artful tear.—And
 then words broke their way again. “ O king, is
 “ then your love transplanted into her garden,
 “ and is my innocence for her superior charms be-
 “ trayed? You are master of your heart.”—Here
 she burst out into a flood of tears.—“ Bestow it
 “ there.—I’ll withdraw, if that’s your pleasure :
 “ your royal will shall be obeyed ; and the poor
 “ remnant of my unhappy days I will spend far
 “ distant from you in Numidia.”

The king had no power to withstand the tears
 and eloquence of Badinella. He begged a thousand
 pardons for listening to the counsels of Dulcinea.
 Then saluting her, he took his leave, and hastened
 to the Sylph. At his first approach, “ Madam,
 “ said he, your charm indeed succeeded to your
 “ wish, and your fair Lilly lost its native beauty ;
 “ yet still my queen is innocent ; chaste as *
 “ Diana. I am now fully convinced of her affec-
 “ tion for me, and me alone, and from this mo-
 “ ment I shall hate you. Farewel forever.”

Ungrateful prince! replied the Sylph, since thus
 you slight my favours, and even against my will
 oblige me to be cruel ; go,—fly into thy false
 beauty’s arms, and bear upon thy brows the shame-
 ful marks of a too credulous husband.

The king, transported with a jealous rage, flew
 to the court without returning her an answer ; and

* The goddess of chastity.

asking for his Badinella, was informed that she was walking in the garden. Thither he hastened on the wings of love, and hearing a rustling noise amongst the myrtle-trees, approached the grove. Good Gods! how destructive to his bliss, how fatal proved his curiosity! He saw the queen, alas! stretched out at length upon a mossy bank, and at her feet her lustful lover, grasping her snowy hand, and kissing it with transport.

The king, enraged, stood like a statue, motionless awhile. His breast with fury burned, his eyes with fire; and at the last, mad with despair, he drew his sword, and thought to have transfixed the guilty lovers: but all on a sudden a distracting pain shot cross his fore-head, and with-held the blow. He roared; the agony was insupportable. No sorrow sure could equal his, when he perceiv'd his * Antlets flourish like a Satyr's! Now alas! he fully is convinced of his disgrace, and of Dulcinea's just resentment.

Soon as Calisto, and the queen at distance, heard his doleful out-cry, she rose, and flew to the old queen, her mother; told her the whole adventure; and to avoid the fury of the king, all three set out that moment for Numidia; whilst the unhappy monarch, surrounded by his friends, then present in the garden, attempted, but in vain, to hide his shame.

This new distemper was the whole subject of discourse all round his African dominions; and a sight so new, and so extraordinary, drew crowds of neighbouring princes to his court. Various were the opinions of the people in relation to this odd

* i. e. his horns.

adventure. Some blamed Dulcinea's conduct, as too cruel and unkind. Others excused the Sylph, and blamed the monarch, as ungrateful and perfidious.

Such discourse, tho' whispered only in private conversation, soon reached the ears of the unfortunate Alcimedes. In his distress, he flew again to his once kind Dulcinea. "O cruel fair, he cried, behold the dire effects of your resentment! But if I am not quite abandoned, the most abject wretch in all my kingdom, shew your power, and let my neighbours, whose wives, like mine, are lavish of their favours, feel my fate."

Your request, Sir, is but reasonable, replied the Sylph: proclaim a public festival, and at the appointed day command your Mauritanian nobles to attend. In the garden let there be a splendid ball. Oblige each lady to take out her spouse, and leave the conduct of the rest to me.

The king went home, well pleased with his success, and gave the proper orders to pursue the project of Dulcinea.

Every one made great preparations to appear at court; and the ladies, who had ever since the queen's unhappy flight been kept up close, and indulged in no diversions, were ravished with the news.

The long, long wished for morning came, and the king prepared a sumptuous banquet in the garden. The day was spent in mirth and wine. The night surpassed the day. A thousand chrystal lamps were ranged all round the trees, and rivalled all the stars. A Mauritanian concert was performed during the entertainment.

Alcimedes,

Alcimedea, when the tables were removed, conducted Dulcinea to the ball-room. When all were regularly placed, the King and the Sylph danced first. The ladies, in compliance with the royal edict, next took out their husbands, and performed the Brawls, a favourite dance amongst the Moors: but before half the figure was concluded, most of the noblemen wore Antlets like the king's. Their sudden sorrow and amazement is beyond the power of words to represent: they stood all speechless for a while; stupid as statues; nor had they waked so soon from their new lethargy, but that the laugh was loud as thunder, which proceeded from the few whom fortune favoured.

The ladies blushed to find their amours thus publicly exposed, and with their cries obstructed all the music.

The wives, whose innocence was thus confirmed, grew vain, and rallied all the rest; and tho' most of them were old and ugly, none would confess their virtue owing to the want of wit or charms.

As companions in misfortunes lessen the weight of them, the king grew gay, and begged his nobles to forgive their consorts. But they, in sullen mood, replied, that it was a favour if they suffered them to live, after such demonstrations of their falshood. Resolving therefore never to see them more, they quitted Mauritania with disgust, and drove the Spaniards from their native country; and ever since, the Moors, jealous of their honour, padlock up their wives, and keep a guard of cruel eunuchs (each watchful as an * Argus) to attend them day and night.

* The watchful, hundred-eyed keeper of Jupiter's mistress Io, set centinel over her by his wife Juno.

Alcimedès, conscious of his demerits, resigned his crown; and having asked forgiveness of Dulcinea, she, like an indulgent mistress, accepted of his penitence, and entertained him in her palace the remainder of his days.

Though this example of the Mauritanian ladies worked no reformation in the distant provinces of Africa; yet this severe, this ignominious treatment of the Sylph, rendered her formidable in all the adjacent parts.

Jupiter, wisely perceiving what confusion in the world this new distinction would create, resolved to put a stop to the encreasing evil, and therefore issued out his Royal Mandate, declaring that from thenceforth a Cuckold's Horns should sit free and easy; and that the size should be reduced; that if he was not wanting to himself, he might put them in his pocket, and keep them forever concealed from the observation of his neighbours.

How kind! how indulgent was the God to the unhappy husbands of that age! But the wonder ceases, if we reflect, how gay he was himself, how fond a lover, and how often he had made free with the famed Theban's wife, the fair * Alcmena.

* The wife of Amphytrion, with whom Jupiter conversed in the shape of her husband, and begat Hercules.

The

The RETALIATION; or, the BITERS BIT,

An old Song in a new Taste.

*Woman to man first as a blessing given,
Whilst innocence and love were in their prime;
Happy awhile in paradise they lay,
But Woman quickly long'd to go astray;
Some foolish new adventure needs must prove,
And the first devil she saw she chang'd her love:
To his temptations lewdly she inclin'd
Her soul — And for an apple damn'd mankind.*

OTWAY'S Orphan.

FROM the oldest of dates our Grand Order
began,
Mother EVE made a Buek of the first honest
man,
And so thro' the sex the contagion has ran,

CHORUS.

Then since things are so,
As you very well know,
Resolve with your wives to be quit;
At your loss ne'er repine,
But with women and wine,
A race of young foundlings beget,
My brave boys,
A race of young foundlings beget.

II.

Since they've shewn us the way, let none be a-
 afraid,
 Of his turbulent spouse; but by Bacchus's aid,
 First drink down the moon, then smuggle the
 maid.

Then since, &c.

III.

As we're cocks of the game, and all birds of
 one feather,
 In contempt of our wives, let us all flock together,
 And in our amours, ne'er regard wind or wea-
 ther.

Then since, &c.

IV.

Pray, where is the courtier, the soldier, the tar,
 Or the parson that values the conjugal jar,
 But, when his wife grumbles, will give her a spar?

Then since, &c.

V.

We've an hospital now, my brave boys, just at
 hand,
 Erected, we find, by the peers of the land;
 Then who would good claret and women with-
 stand?

Then since, &c.

VI.

From hence, my dear brethren, you'll take the
 gay hint,
 With jovial accord, and good humour conjoint,
 To meet once a year at your Grand Cuckold's
 Point.

Then since, &c.

*An old additional CATCH, Entituled, A CURE
 for CARE.*

*Hang care, and drive away sorrow ;
 To the GODS belong to-morrow.*

I.

NOW we're all met together,
 Like birds of one feather,
 Let's drink, and be harmlessly merry ;
 Tho' fortune may frown,
 Her malice we'll drown,
 In a flood of neat port, or bright sherry.

II.

Come bring a fresh flask,
 And broach ev'ry cask ;
 We'd better be prudently mad,
 With enliv'ning good liquor,
 (I'll appeal to the vicar)
 Then, ass-like, be stupidly sad.

III.

III.

'Tis wise to be gay,
 And enjoy the to-day ;
 Without too fond care for to-morrow,
 For howe'er we may fret,
 Not one doit of our debt
 Can be paid by whole years of dull sorrow.

W Hereas there are thousands within the compass of our bills of mortality, who have lately made too much haste to be rich, and rather chose to trust their little ALL to the precarious turn of fortune's wheel, than to their own diligence and respective callings, and are now cursing those wayward planets that ruled at their nativity for their shameful disappointment : And whereas the itch of gaming is to the full as prevalent and epidemical at this very day, amongst the Beaux and Belles all round St. James's, as it was near half a century ago ; we shall make no apology for reviving the subsequent little Æsopian fiction, which was composed in the mad year 1720 ; as a just reflection, not only on the Bubble-mongers, who swarmed about the Exchange at that critical conjuncture ; but those Castle-builders, who were much more inexcusable, and sold off their real estates for the purchase of mere artificial shadows, I mean shares, in the South-sea stock, at the wild and extravagant price of near one thousand *per Cent* ; by which rash and inconsiderate adventures, they brought themselves and their unhappy families (within the compass of a few days) to utter ruin and disgrace.

The

*All Covet, all Lose; or, The DOG and the
SHADOW.*

IN days of Yore, a farmer's dog,
(To use fam'd Æsop's apologue)
Took a sly tour around his kitchen,
(As Joan her tatter'd gown was fitching,
And John was busy sitting nigh her,
Telling love-stories at the fire)
And squinted east, west, north, and south,
To find out something for the mouth;
And in the pantry on a hook
He spy'd a leg of mutton stuck.
This, this must be the lucky minute,
Or else, quoth he, old Nick is in it.
So up he mounts with his fore-paws,
And gripes the joint between his jaws.

But now I've got, thinks he, my booty,
(Lest Joan should scold, or John should shoot me)
For preservation-sake 'tis better
To dine to-day, a-cross the water.

Now here 'tis proper to be noted,
That Towzer's master's house was moted:
So in he jumps with his tit-bit,
And long'd on to'ther side to get.
The fam'd Leander could not more
Desire to land on * Hero's shore.

* A beautiful maid of Sestos, a city of Thrace, on the European side of the Hellespont, with whom Leander of Abydos,

But

But as the moat was smooth and clear,
And gilt with sun-beams here and there,
The shadow of his new-got prize,
Presents itself before his eyes.
Bless me! quoth he, here's noble luck!
Here's profit! here's encrease of Stock!
Here's cent per cent got in a trice:
This stock-jobbing's a rare device!
He said, ——— and at the shadow chops,
And down the leg of mutton drops:
Too late he finds what he has done,
And sees at once his dinner gone.

Speechless awhile the PUPPY stood,
And low'r'd on the deceitful flood:
But at the last, all drown'd in tears,
He curst his fate, and shook his ears.
“Was ever senseless Dog so bit?”
“Had ever WHELP so little wit,”
T' involve himself in so much trouble,
For a meer SHADOW, a meer BUBBLE?

P. S. We hear there is a new Lottery upon the
carpet; we have nothing to say, however, on that
score, but — CAVEAT EMPTOR.

on the opposite, or Asian side, being in love, used often to
swim over the strait to her; but he happening to be drowned,
she cast herself headlong from a tower upon his floating body.
For a more entertaining account of this story, we shall refer
our amorous readers of both sexes to OVID's Epistles.

THOUGH

Nov. 20, 1757.

To the Publisher of the BOOK-WORM.

S I R,

AS the anniversary thanksgiving-day for our happy deliverance out of the merciless hands of the Papists was commemorated with public rejoicings as usual, on the fifth instant, I imagine the few enclosed verses on that hellish conspiracy, may prove, at this juncture, an agreeable amusement to many of your readers, but more especially such as are Antigallicans, and true Britons in their hearts. If I find this small morsel is accepted as proper provision for your convent, it is highly probable, that, in process of time, I may meet with some other historical occurrences, digested into rhyme, of equal importance, for the improvement of the memories of your younger class of readers. In the mean time, I embrace this opportunity of subscribing myself,

S I R,

Your affectionate well-wisher.

B. Y.

On the Gun-powder-Treason Plot.

WHERE Royston's Downs present their ample views,
Ignobly, JAMES the daily chace pursues:
Fond of his triumph o'er the timid deer;
But fearful how to brandish Britain's spear.
ELIZA's glorious war he makes to cease;
And meanly grants the sinking Spaniard peace.

I

The

The sons of ROME a horrid PLOT conspire,
 With one eruption of sulphureous fire,
 To murder Britain's senate at a blow,
 And lay her king, and all her nobles low :
 To blast religion ; and with bloody hand,
 Again to desolate the happy land ;
 But Heaven, auspicious, shews the guilt of Rome,
 And, Britain, happily averts thy doom.
 The desp'rate traitor, far conceal'd from day,
 Where magazines of desolation lay,
 Is seiz'd, like some fierce tyger in his cell ; —
 The plot discover'd, ev'ry traitor fell.
 Oh, power supreme ! 'twas thine the land to save,
 And rescue nations from the dreadful grave :
 To thee our annual gratitude we pay,
 And latest Ages shall revere the Day.

THOUGH it must be confessed, that our
 last Numidian Novel, was but a coarse com-
 pliment on the fair sex, to whom, in our preface,
 we promised to devote no small part of our lucu-
 brations ; yet we hope for forgiveness, as we re-
 pent of our presumption, and openly declare, that
 it was all a meer romance, without one word of
 truth in it, from one end to the other. We far-
 ther declare likewise, in our excuse, that the ad-
 mission of it was not owing in the least to spleen
 or ill nature, but a time-serving thing to humour
 our modern BUCKS. Besides, under the rose, in the
 following Song we have humbugged the BUCKS them-
 selves, in regard to their antiquity. Mother Eve and
 our

our fore-father Adam were no ways concerned in the plot, and the author of it was only more witty than wise in his false charge. In our next number we shall endeavour to clear up that account, and inform the Bucks of their true original. In the mean time, however, we think it a duty incumbent on us to reconcile ourselves with the ladies as soon as possible; and we doubt not but the following Oriental tale, which has never appeared as yet in an English dress, will settle and adjust all matters between us, in an amicable manner, and make, in some measure at least, an atonement for our first too ludicrous and unguarded transgression.

The MAGIC of BEAUTY; or, the HAPPY SAVAGE.

*O Woman! Lovely woman! Nature made you
To temper man. We had been
Brutes without you.* OTWAY'S VEN. PRE.

THE sultry heat of the noon-tide sun obliged a company of about forty horsemen, travelling towards Abisamia, the capital of Sultan Raja, a powerful monarch in Arabia Fœlix, to take shelter under the skirts of a forest, about three leagues distant from that city. They journied slowly, under cover of the lofty cedars, that afforded a cooling shade, and exhilarated their spirits with the odoriferous smell of a great variety of aromatic plants, that a gentle breeze from the thickest of the forest wafted along to regale their senses.

Ravished with the grateful shade, they made no haste to leave it, at least till the scorching heat should abate, and permit them to take the plain, which they must cross to arrive at their journey's end, but travelled a slow pace, conversing together, and admiring the extreme beauty of the landscape, that every where presented itself to the eye in that delightful country.

The foremost of this company of travellers was greatly surprized, all on a sudden, to find his fiery barb start to one side, prick up his ears, and refuse the government of the rein, snort, and paw the ground, as in a mixture of terror and rage; the skilful rider had much difficulty to keep his seat, and by all his art could not force the foaming steed to move forward.

He judged some uncommon and uncouth object startled the generous animal, and looked about narrowly amongst the neighbouring thicket, to try if he could observe any thing that could be the cause of this sudden terror, that seized the well-trained courser. He was not long at a loss; for the noise he made among the branches of the trees, in forcing his horse forward, awakened a kind of monster, the sight of which had been the cause of this disorder. The creature (of which, in the present hurry, it was impossible to form any distinct idea) roused, it would seem, from a deep sleep, in which it lay, when first espied by the penetrating eye of the haughty barb, started upright, and in its hurry to escape the danger, instead of running into the forest, sprang, like an arrow from a well-bent bow, into the plain. Its figure was erect, and half covered over with long flaxen hair, that hung from the head all round, down to the middle.

The

The horsemen, amazed at the uncommon appearance of such an object, as if actuated by one mind, clapt spurs to their fiery courfers, and gave chace to the nimble Savage; but tho' their horses were some of the fleetest in all Arabia, yet the nimble-footed monster gained ground upon them every minute; for his feet seemed but lightly to skim the ground, and the flowers and herbs on which it trod seemed scarcely to bend under his weight; but, nimble as a stag, it vaulted over hills and dales, and fleet as the wind, bid defiance to his pursuers; and had certainly escaped them, if, according to all conjecture, on seeing that they kept at so great a distance, the monster, recovered from its first fright, thought it safest to return to the forest; where, in its fastnesses, it could have a greater chance for safety.

The creature made a sudden stop, and with the same amazing speed, directed its course slanting towards the forest. By this means, he in a manner met his pursuers, who, judging his design, spread themselves along the skirts of the forest, to prevent its return there. The struggle was hard, and the nimble-footed monster, seemingly as fresh as when first started, made several essays, doubling and winding, to gain his point; but his pursuers were too many, and always prevented him; till finding himself close pressed, he again took the plain, and the direct road to Abisamia; where the travellers pursued with their foaming steeds, now almost spent with the chace and the heat of the sun, that had left its meridian height but a few degrees, when they first encountered this uncommon object.

Its strength began now visibly to decay, and the travellers had almost surrounded it, when, re-collecting

collecting all its vigour, it once more got clear of them, and in their sight plunged into a deep river, that surrounds the gardens of the seraglio of the Sultan Raja. With eager haste it plunged into the stream, and in a few moments gained the other side; and almost breathless, threw itself on a terras of that charming garden, that borders the river for a considerable space of ground.

The alarm was soon given in the seraglio, that a monster had entered it, and all the eunuchs and gardeners belonging to the palace ran to seize the now spent prey; but, faint as it was, it was a difficult matter to conquer the strange Savage; for though it had only strength to run from the terras to an adjoining wilderness; yet there, when surrounded by all the domestics of the seraglio, it kept them a considerable time at bay. They could now see that it had human features, but armed with nails on its fingers, and so hard, that they cut like a well-tempered scimitar, as many of the hardiest of the labouring gardeners felt to their cost; but one of them coming behind, knocked it down with a hedge-bill, without doing, however, the monster any other damage than stunning it, and by that means giving an opportunity to those that had gathered about it, to fall upon it all at once, and bind it with strong cords, before it came to its senses.

As soon as it recovered from the stun of the blow, and found itself hard bound, it made a strong effort to break its fetters; but these being too strong, after rolling its eyes fiercely about upon the crowd that surrounded it, it gnashed its teeth with vehemence of rage, and seemed as ready to burst with violent passion; which it at last vented
in

in hideous yells, that appeared to have nothing human, or articulate in their sound.

The news of this strange adventure was soon rumoured over the palace, and the Sultan and all the ladies of the seraglio expressed a violent desire to see this monster. It was covered with a mantle, to prevent its naked figure from offending the Sultanas, and introduced bound, by the chief of the black eunuchs, to the apartment of the favourite Sultana, where the Sultan, and all the ladies of the court, were met to see this uncommon object; and, among the rest, his fair daughter Fatima.

As some hours had passed since its seizure, e'er it was brought before the Sultan, the monster had recovered its fatigue, and followed fullenly its conductor, with a kind of haughty majesty in its looks, and entered the apartments with such a proud demeanor, that it looked with a kind of contempt upon the whole assembly, that gaped and stared upon its uncommon appearance. It rolled its eyes fiercely, and gnashed its teeth with rage, when the Sultan turned the long hair from off its face, to view distinctly its features; which, on near inspection, seemed to be manly and regular; all its limbs were streight, and seemed cast with the most exact symmetry; and its skin, where the length of its flaxen hair had sheltered it from the scorching of the sun, was fairer than that of most children amongst the Arabians. It seemed to be a youth about twelve years of age; but for several days that it was at the court of Raja, it was heard to express no articulate sound, but a kind of hollow, dismal yell, that grated much upon the ear.

All the while the Sultan was surveying the Savage (for it now lost the name of monster, having nothing

thing of that kind about it, unless the length and hardness of his nails, or rather claws, might be termed so) he seemed highly enraged, and ready to suffocate with the violence of his passion; but casting his eyes by accident on the fair Fatima, the Sultan's daughter, then in her bloom of beauty, fair as the blushing morn, and esteemed one of the compleatest beauties of Arabia the happy; which bent to her conquest the greatest of the neighbouring princes, who courted her more on the account of her matchless charms, than the large possessions that were to descend to her on her father, the Sultan's death, who had no other heir but this matchless virgin. I say, the haughty Savage was in a foaming rage, till casting his eyes on this lovely damsel, who, shocked at his outward appearance, could scarce stand the sight of him, grew all on a sudden perfectly calm; a settled serenity appeared in his countenance, and starting from the Sultan, who was still busy in surveying his features, made suddenly towards that part of the room where the fair Fatima stood, and threw himself prostrate at her feet. The suddenness of the action, which passed as quick as thought, surprised the whole assembly, but so much frightened the too much prejudiced Fatima, that she fainted away in the arms of her woman. Bound as the Savage was, on seeing her prostrate amongst the women, he made a motion as if he would assist; and on being stopped by the eunuchs, who saw his approach had frightened the timorous Fatima, he set up such a dismal howling, and rolled his eyes in such agony, that all present were strongly moved at the uncommon scene.

But

But the Sultan, whose life was solely bound up in his fair daughter, was in no temper to make any reflection about the behaviour of the Savage; he saw him the cause of his daughter's fright, and ordered him hastily out of the apartments; and, with paternal tenderness, busied himself in bringing his beloved Fatima to her senses.

On the removal of the object of her fright, she, by degrees, recovered her spirits, but found herself so much disordered by the unexpected and uncommon accident, that she retired to her chamber; and for the remainder of the day, and all that night, shut herself up there with her faithful slave Cadiga.

The young Savage was carried by one of the black eunuchs to a remote cell, in the outer court of the seraglio, where he suffered himself to be conducted without struggle or violence. His mind seemed to be occupied with the most pungent sorrow, and all his rage absorbed in the anguish he felt at being deprived of the sight of the charming Fatima; which afforded matter of much mirth and speculation to the courtiers and pages of the seraglio, who made high compliments on the beauty of that lovely virgin, as it was capable of taming the most savage monsters. They offered him victuals, by setting pieces of several sorts, variously dressed, before him, and then some raw; but he looked upon them sullenly, and would eat none. They brought him some water in a large bowl, and held it to his head, out of which he partly leaped, and sucked with great greediness, being much spent with heat. By his docility in drinking, they judged that the food was not usual to him, and that he had not fed upon carrion. They

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brought

brought him some dates, almonds, and other fruit, the common produce of the country, and such as might be had in the woods; of those he eat plentifully, but not voraciously. After all about the palace had satisfied themselves with gazing on this new guest, some leaves were spread pretty thick upon the ground of his cell, the door of which was at last shut, and the young Savage left to his repose; where we must drop him, and return to the fair Fatima.

Though that princess had recovered from her fainting fit, yet she had such an horrible impression upon her spirits of the young Savage, that even when retired to her apartment, and locked up with only her maid in her closet, she could not help fancying every minute that the hideous monster was present, and ready to tear her to pieces with his dreadful claws. Her faithful maid would have reasoned her out of her aversion, and endeavoured to give her a more favourable idea of the Savage; for she was more minute than her mistress in viewing his parts; but the fair Fatima was too far gone in prejudice, to be cured either by argument or raillery; she sat in a melancholy, pausing humour for some time, and then, her spirits quite exhausted, went to rest, in hopes that sleep would drive the ugly phantom from her imagination.

Her rest was but short; for the sun had but just gilded the lofty towers of the seraglio, when the princess called to her slave Cadiga, and dressed herself in a loose robe, and leaning in a melancholy posture upon the arm of her slave, walked out to a terras, that joined to her apartment, and led to a charming grove, perfumed with all the aromatics of the east, and in this early hour yielded a frag-

grancy

grancy to ravish every sense; to this delicious place she retired, and seating herself on a fragrant bank, fetched a deep sigh, and thus unbosomed her labouring mind to her slave Cadiga: “ Oh! Cadiga, said the lovely princess, in a tone that spoke the anguish of her soul, thy mistress is born to be unhappy; my good angel has forsaken me, and I am fated by my black angel to the most shocking destiny. Oh! where are the joys I promised my youthful days? How are they vanished, like a vapour, and in their place one night has set up nothing but horror and despair; tell me, my faithful slave, from whom I have hid nothing, is this face, this person, destined for a monster?” “ No! thou fairest rose in the garden of Eden, that question is idle; the seasons may change their courses, but such an impossibility can never happen; permit a slave to assure her mistress, that the fright has impaired thy health, and the disturbed fancy has suggested something to the mind, that will have no weight, when this damp upon the spirits is removed.” “ Thou speakest, Cadiga, as thy wishes suggest, but what I say is not the effect of melancholy or imagination; no! there is something serious in it: heaven has decreed my fate, and it is already written in the book of destiny, that I shall espouse that hideous monster whom some evil star directed yesterday to the palace: for know, my faithful Cadiga, that last night I saw the prophet Elias, not in a dream, but a real vision. The holy prophet appeared all in white, with a ray of glory about his head, one ray of which darting upon my eye, deprived me of female fear, and I saw the heavenly vision

“ without any other emotion than transport ; but
 “ O ! how short lived was that bliss ! how soon
 “ was it turned into despair, when the messenger
 “ of heaven opened his mouth, and said, be of
 “ good comfort, daughter of Adam, I am com-
 “ missioned by the prophet Mahomet to infold to
 “ thee, and prepare thee for a happy destiny !
 “ Know then, that yesterday thou sawest thy hus-
 “ band, and was frightened with his figure ; spurn
 “ not at the decrees of fate ; every thing that is,
 “ is pre-ordained, and every thing that is, is best
 “ for mortals ; it is for thy good, and will prove
 “ in the end for thy satisfaction ; therefore, as
 “ thou would acquit thyself a faithful follower of
 “ the holy prophet Mahomet, attempt not to
 “ thwart the decrees of fate ; thou mayest embar-
 “ rass thyself, but cannot alter thy destiny. I would
 “ have spoke, but horror and despair deprived
 “ me of speech, and the vision vanished from my
 “ sight, leaving me in mortal agony, but in no
 “ doubt of my cursed destiny. Oh ! where shall
 “ I fly to shelter me from the horrid thought ; an
 “ union with a monster ! Nature cannot bear it.
 “ Would the angel of death take me hence in the
 “ bloom of youth, and free me from the horrid
 “ Savage !” She spoke with so much vehemence,
 and was so agitated, that her slave was afraid of a
 fainting fit, and without attempting to argue with
 her the possibility of the whole being a delusion of
 the fancy, hastened towards her apartment, where
 she went again to bed, and remained in the greatest
 agonies of sorrow and despair ; insomuch, that
 when the rest of her women were admitted to their
 usual attendance, she was so feverish, that Cadiga
 thought it adviseable to cause one of the eunuchs

to acquaint the Sultan with her condition. The tender father much alarmed, hastened to his daughter's apartments, and found it necessary to order the attendance of the physicians; but their skill availed them nothing, nor could their art reach her malady; for she had conjured her slave Cadiga not to mention a word of her vision, or any thing relating to the Savage. They judged her disorder lay upon her spirits, but how it was, or how to remove it, was past their abilities.

So much was the mind of this fair princess affected, that she grew worse every hour, and next evening discovered symptoms of a high fever, that alarmed the whole court. Cadiga seeing her mistress's life in danger, thought it safer to reveal her secret, than betray her life by concealing it; she wrote the substance of it in a note, and gave it to a slave belonging to the favourite Sultaneſs, that her mistress might communicate it to the Sultan.

The thought startled the Sultan at first, but recollecting himself, he ascribed the whole to the force of imagination, which is very strong in women: but as her fever was dangerous, he would not depend now on the skill of his own physicians, but sent for a famous Brachman, that lived near his frontiers, a man celebrated, not only for the cure of all diseases, but capable to command spirits, to prolong life to immortality, and possessed of every science, and all the powers of the seal of king Solomon.

The Brachman, as if he knew by his art that he was wanted, met the messenger within a few leagues of Abisamia; his presence gave the Sultan great joy, who first acquainted him with the romantic cause of his daughter's illness, and related

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to him the dream that so much affected her, and ordered him to be introduced to her apartments. As all nature was open to his researches, the fever was soon expelled, and the fair Fatima once more restored to health, but not to peace of mind. The Sultan entreated the Brachman to endeavour to remove that melancholy that preyed upon her: "That I cannot, replied the Brachman, unless I can reverse the decrees of destiny, and change the nature of mortals that repine at their fate." "Explain thyself, said the Sultan hastily; sure my daughter's vision has not infected thee too!" "No, commander of the faithful, but my science informs me more certainly of what you must expect, and must not be startled at: I have calculated your daughter's nativity, and find that she is likely to marry a Savage, and this is the very Savage, from some infallible remarks I have made on him since I came here, which event must happen within three years of the first day of the last new moon; for after that period, her destiny is as happy as can be wished by any of the daughters of Adam; but the moments of the intervening time are darkened by this Savage, whose star is in perpetual conjunction with hers." The Sultan seemed amazed at what he heard, but knew the Brachman's skill too well to doubt his prediction; he made a melancholy pause for some minutes, without making any reply to the Brachman, and then starting suddenly, ordered his attendants to bring the Savage to his presence; he was quickly brought, and as he saw none but the Sultan, and the Brachman, and that his Fatima was not there, he looked at them both with seeming contempt. "And must this creature, said

" the

“ the Sultan, be my daughter's husband? Is this
 “ the decree of destiny? I'll try it, he must be
 “ immortal, for with this I'll correct thy scheme;”
 drawing hastily his poinard, and making a well-
 aimed thrust at the heart of the young Savage; but
 the Brachman by his art knew his design, and by
 his skill prevented it; for the point had not reached
 the breast of the Savage, when the Sultan's arm
 grew motionless, and dropped the poinard on the
 floor. The Brachman took up the poinard, and
 returning it to the Sultan said, “ These, commander
 “ of the faithful, are not fit instruments to coun-
 “ teract the decrees of destiny.” The Sultan blushed
 at this gentle rebuke (for almost all the eastern
 monarchs treat these men almost like sovereign
 princes) and ordered the Savage, who foamed with
 rage at the menacing action of the Sultan, to be
 taken away to his cell, with directions to take all
 imaginable care of him.

Then the Sultan retired with the Brachman to
 the inner apartment of his palace: “ Though,
 “ continued he, we are not presumptuously to at-
 “ tempt to bid defiance to destiny; yet sure, when
 “ we are threatned with evil, it is natural to en-
 “ deavour to avoid it; we are not obliged to meet,
 “ and hasten our evil destiny. What then must I
 “ do? I am sure I am not obliged to cherish this
 “ Savage. May not I set him loose to the woods
 “ and forest, from whence my evil angel brought
 “ him?” “ Thou art not, commander of the
 “ faithful, in the wrong not to hasten thy daugh-
 “ ter's fate; but I do not think it the most pre-
 “ dent step to set the Savage loose again, nor is it
 “ expedient to keep him here; but if I am wor-
 “ thy to advise, I would have thee send him as a
 “ curious

“ curious present to thy neighbour the Sultan of
“ Ebinezreb. Sultan Amurath is a curious searcher
“ into nature, and will be fond of such a curiosity;
“ he will certainly keep him safe, and his capitol
“ being a hundred leagues distant from hence,
“ perhaps the three fatal years may expire before
“ you hear any more of him.”

The Sultan liked the proposal, gave orders for a splendid embassy to Sultan Amurath, loaded several camels with rich presents, and sent the Savage bound in a litter. But the Brachman, who saw farther into the destiny of that young Savage than he let the Sultan know, impressed a mysterious Talisman upon his body before he set out, that should preserve him from all accidents, at least till he, the Brachman, came to his assistance. The young Savage being departed, the Brachman left the Sultan's court and his fair daughter, much more composed than it had been since his arrival.

The Savage, after a long but easy journey, arrived at Ebinezreb : the Sultan of Abisamia's ambassadors were received with great marks of distinction, and the curious Amurath esteemed the present of the Savage more than he could well express. The young Savage ever since he saw Fatima, had been rather melancholy than fierce ; but still, when he came among new faces, he assumed an air of haughtiness, and seemed to resent being stared at ; but when he came before the Sultan Amurath, though he threw a look of contempt upon all the assembly, yet he approached him with an air of reverence and submission, which very much surprized the Abisamian ambassador, who observed a much different behaviour in the Savage, when he looked at his master, the Sultan of Abisamia.

nia. He was still more surprized, when he saw him permit the Sultan, without the least emotion, to turn him, and twist him round, and survey every limb of him. He seemed even to anticipate the Sultan's wishes; by turning to such attitude as he wanted. When the ambassador acquainted the Sultan with this difference of behaviour, he and all the court were strangely puzzled how to account for such a change. But this circumstance gained the young Savage a greater share of the Sultan's esteem, who having observed that there was no visible defect in the organs of his speech, proposed to spare no cost or trouble to teach him the use of human languages.

[To be continued in our next.]

To the Publisher of the BOOK-WORM.

S I R,

IF to a patient that has unfortunately been stung with a tarantula, no physic that can be prescribed will operate with that expedition and success as a dose of music, why should not poetry, which is a sister-art, have the same happy influence under an excruciating fit of the gout? I have herewith therefore sent you enclosed a new charm for that purpose; and though some of your rich readers, to whom principally that distemper pays its visits, may not have faith enough to take our medicine internally; yet I am firmly persuaded, that not one of them will find fault with the innocent ingredients whereof it is composed; and that your revival and encouragement of so powerful an

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incantation,

incantation, will prove no manner of discredit to
your facetious Medley,

I am, S I R,

Your affectionate well-wisher,

M. D.

*The MAGIC of POETRY; or a new CHARM
for the GOUT. Being an Heroi-comic-enco-
mium on the Horn-book, or Christ-cross-
row; prescribed by an eminent Hyp-Doctor,
long since deceased.*

*Hei mihi! quod nullis PODAGRA est medicabilis
Herbis.* OVID.

IN ENGLISH thus.

No, healing Herbs, alas! can cure the GOUT;
'Tis POETRY alone can CHARM it out.

HAIL! antient book, most venerable code!
Learning's first cradle, and its last abode!
The huge unnumber'd volumes which we see
By lazy plagiaries are stol'n from thee:
Yet future times to thy sufficient store,
Shall ne'er presume to add one letter more.

Thee will I sing in comely wainscot bound,
And golden verge enclosing thee around;
The faithful HORN before, from age to age,
Preserving thy invaluable page;

Behind

Behind thy patron * saint in armour shines
 With sword and lance, to guard thy sacred lines :
 Beneath his coarſer's feet the dragon lies
 Transfix'd ; his blood thy ſcarlet cover dies ;
 Th' instructive handle's at the bottom fix't,
 Left wrangling critics ſhould pervert the text.

Or if to ginger-bread thou ſhalt deſcend,
 And liquorish learning to thy babes extend ;
 Or ſugar'd plane, o'er-ſpread with beaten gold,
 Does the ſweet treasure of thy letters hold ;
 Thou ſtill ſhalt be my ſong.—Apollo's † choir
 I ſcorn t' invoke ; ‡ Cadmus my verſe inſpire :
 'Twas Cadmus, who the firſt materials brought
 Of all the learning which has ſince been taught :
 Soon made compleat ; for mortals ne'er ſhall know
 More than contain'd of old the § Chriſt-croſs-row ;
 What maſters dictate, or what doctors preach,
 Wiſe matrons hence, e'en to our children teach :
 But as the name of ev'ry plant and flow'r
 (So common that each peafant knows its pow'r)

* St. George, the patron of England, who is painted on the backſide ſlaying the dragon.

† Apollo, the God of muſic and poetry, and the nine muſes.

‡ The ſon of Agenor, king of the Phœnicians, ſent by his father out of Aſia into Greece to look for his ſiſter Europa, whom Jupiter had ſtolen away, and carried to Crete, and being afraid to return home without her, ſtayed among the Greeks whom he taught the art of making braſs, and the uſe of letters, ſixteen whereof he brought into Greece from Phœnicia.

§ So called, becauſe it was the antient cuſtom, to print, or paint the picture of a croſs, by way of ornament, or head-piece, on all the horn-books that were publiſhed for the uſe of children ; which cuſtom is obſerved to this very day.

Physicians in mysterious cant express,
 T' amuse the patient, and enhance their fees ;
 So from the letters of our native tongue,
 Put in Greek scrawls, a myst'ry too is sprung :
 Schools are erected, puzzling grammars made,
 And artful men strike out a gainful trade ;
 Strange characters adorn the learned gate,
 And heedless youth catch at the shining bait.
 The pregnant boys the noisy charms declare,
 And * Taus and Deltas make their mothers stare ;
 Th' uncommon sounds amaze the vulgar ear,
 And what's uncommon never costs too dear :
 Yet in all tongues the HORN-BOOK is the same,
 Taught by the Grecian master, or the English dame.

But how shall I thy endless virtues tell,
 In which thou dost all other books excel ?
 No greasy thumbs thy spotless leaf can soil,
 Nor crooked dogs-ears thy smooth corners spoil ;
 In idle pages no errata stand,
 To tell the blunders of the printer's hand :
 No fulsome dedication here is writ,
 Nor flatt'ring verse, to praise the authors wit.
 The margin with no tedious notes is vex't,
 Nor various readings to confound the text :
 All parties in thy literal sense agree,
 Thou perfect center of concordancy !
 Search we the records of an antient date,
 Or read what modern histories relate,

* The Greek letters T & Δ.

They all proclaim what wonders have been done
By the plain letters taken as they run.

“ * Too high the floods of passion us'd to roll,

“ And rend the Roman youth's impatient soul;

“ His hasty anger furnish'd scenes of blood,

“ And frequent deaths of worthy men ensu'd:

“ In vain were all the weaker methods try'd,

“ None could suffice to stem the furious tide,”

Thy sacred line he did but once repeat,

And laid the storm, and cool'd the raging heat.

Thy heav'nly notes, like angel's music, cheer

Departing souls, and sooth the dying ear.

An aged peasant, on his latest bed,

Wish'd for a friend some godly book to read;

The pious grandson this known handle takes,

And (eyes lift up) this sav'ry lecture makes:

Great A he gravely read; th' important sound

The empty walls and hollow roof rebound:

Th' expiring antient rear'd his drooping head,

And thank'd his stars that Hodge had learn'd to read.

Great B the younker bawls;—O heav'nly breath!

What ghostly comforts in the hour of death!

What hopes I feel!—Great C pronounc'd the boy;

The grandfire dies with extacy of joy.

* The lines thus “ marked describe the advice given to Augustus by Athenodorus, the stoic philosopher, who desired the emperor neither to say, nor do any thing till he had first said over the Alphabet, or letters of the Horn-book; the strict observance of this rule would be the means to make his passion fall, and prevent any rash words or actions.

Yet in some lands such ignorance abounds,
 Whole parishes scarce know thy useful sounds.
 Of * Effex hundreds fame gives this report,
 But fame, I ween, says many things in sport.
 Scarce lives the man to whom thou'rt quite un-
 known,

Tho' few th' extent of thy vast empire own.
 Whatever wonder magic spells can do
 On earth, in air, in sea, in shades below;
 What words profound, and dark † wise Mah'met
 spoke,

When his old cow an angel's figure took;
 What strong enchantments sage ‡ Canadia knew,
 Or § Horace sung, fierce monsters to subdue,
 O mighty book, are all, contain'd in you! }
 All human arts, and ev'ry science meet,
 Within the limits of thy single sheet;
 From thy vast root all learning's branches grow,
 And all her streams from thy deep fountain flow.
 And lo! while thus thy wonders I indite,
 Inspir'd, I feel the power of which I write;
 The gentler gout his former rage forgets,
 Less frequent now, and less severe the fits:

* A country district, or division, remarkable for its being
 aguish, unhealthy, and inhabited by few, but poor and illi-
 terate people.

† The great prophet of the Turks.

‡ An old witch of Naples.

§ An old famous Roman poet, who is very satyrical on the
 above-mentioned old witch.

Loose grow the chains, which bound my useless
feet ;

Stiffness and pain from ev'ry joint retreat ;

Surprising strength comes every moment on ;

I stand, I step, I walk, and now I run.

Here let me cease, my hobbling numbers stop,

And at thy * handle hang my crutches up.

To the Publisher of the BOOK-WORM.

S I R,

THOUGH it is highly probable, that your
FIRST ESSAY on the Advantages of Learning was composed by some very good hand, and may possibly have met with a favourable reception from your candid and good-natured readers, as being an English original, never before published, but filched, as you term it, from the closet of an old Oxonian ; yet I am firmly persuaded, that the enclosed ABSTRACT only, of a long, but curious French Essay, on the important benefits of a liberal, and virtuous education, though to my certain knowledge long since buried in oblivion, and out of print, will, if brought again to light, be deemed by all impartial judges equally interesting and instructive. 'Tis possible, indeed, that your society may reject it on account of that visible affinity which there, doubtless, is between the two subjects, since their principal aim is variety ; yet I dare venture to assert, that no reader, how partial

or ill-natured foever, will censure it as a tautology, or a needless repetition. But be that as it may, if your Antiquarians shall, upon a serious perusal, determine to revive it, I shall think a few leisure-hours, spent in the transcribing it for their service, very agreeably bestowed,

I am, Sir, yours &c.

E. C.

*On the Important Advantages of a liberal and
virtuous EDUCATION.*

ALL skilful and industrious tutors, who make the instruction of their pupils both their duty and delight, have three principal objects in their view, in the due discharge of the important trust reposed in them. Their first concern is to cultivate their minds, with all those aids of Learning, whereof their years are capable. From thence they proceed to rectify and form their hearts, by the principles of honour and honesty. And for the completion of their work, and carrying it to the highest pitch of perfection, they use their utmost endeavours to establish them in the principles of their most holy religion.

In order to entertain an adequate idea of the great advantages which arise from the habituating of youth to the study of such arts and sciences, as are suitable to their years, we need only reflect on the vast difference and distinction which learning makes, not only between one man and another, but between two different kingdoms.

Though

Though the Athenians possessed but a small territory in Greece, yet by carrying the liberal arts and sciences to perfection, they compleated their own glory.

Rome, which had made herself mistress of the world by her conquests, became the object of its wonder and imitation, by the improvements which she made in almost every art.

AFRICK, on the other hand, through her neglect of literature, is grown altogether unfruitful, and even fallen into that barbarity of which it bears the name.

The reverse has happened amongst the northern nations. They were looked upon as rude and barbarous; as persons of no taste for wit or ingenuity: as soon, however, as learning was happily introduced amongst them, they sent abroad proficient in all arts and sciences, who have equalled at least, if not surpassed what other nations have ever produced.

As arts and sciences gain ground in any nation whatsoever, the inhabitants thereof are in proportion transformed into new creatures. From whence it may justly be concluded, that the minds of men are near upon a level in all parts of the world; that all the difference and distinction between one and another, is principally, if not altogether, owing to a liberal Education; that according to the neglect or cultivation of the sciences, whole kingdoms rise or fall; and that their future prosperity or declension, in a great measure depends upon them.

However, without having further recourse to history, let us take a transient view of what, for the generality, occurs in the course of nature. From thence we may discern what a wide, and al-

most infinite distance, a little art and industry will make between two tracts of land of equal value. The one, if uncultivated, remains wild, and is over-run with weeds; the other, under the care of the skilful husbandman, is richly laden with fruits of all kinds, and of the most delicious flavour; is embellished with a great variety of parti-coloured flowers; contracts, within a few acres, whatever is most curious, most proper for the nourishment and support of the owner, and most entertaining to his eye; becomes, in short, a pleasing epitome of all that is most valuable in the different seasons of the year, and in the remotest countries. And thus it is with the mind, which ever repays the care which we take in the due cultivation of it, with the utmost gratitude and profusion. That is the soil, which every one, who is conscious of his high descent, and for what great and worthy purposes he was created, is under an indispensable obligation to husband and improve to the best advantage; a soil both rich and fertile, capable of the noblest productions, and alone worthy of all its care.

The Mind is actually refreshed and invigorated by those sublime truths, with which she is supplied by the help of Study. It gradually encreases, and grows up, as it were, with those great men, whose operations are the objects of its attention. It strives, by a laudable emulation, to attain to their honour and fame, and has just grounds to expect it, from that success which they have met with. Unmindful of its own frailty and imperfection, it makes glorious attempts to rise with them above its usual pitch. Being but poorly provided of itself, and contracted within a narrow compass,

compass, it has too often but small scope of invention, and its powers are with ease exhausted. Study, however, compensates for all its imperfections, and supplies its various necessities from abroad. It opens the understanding by foreign aid, extends its views, enlarges its ideas, and renders them more lively and distinct. By Study we are taught to consider truth in a variety of lights, to discern copiousness of principles, and draw the remotest conclusions from them.

At our first entrance into the world, we are overwhelmed with a cloud of ignorance, which is very much augmented by the false prejudices and prepossessions of a bad education. By Study, however, the former is dispersed, and the latter corrected. It gives rectitude and exactness to our thoughts, and strength and vigour to our reason. It aids and assists us in the regular and just arrangement of whatever we propose to write or speak, and presents the brightest sages of antiquity to our view, as the noblest patterns for our imitation. By setting their judgment and discretion before us, in a fair and advantageous light, we walk with safety under their friendly guidance and direction.

Was this Study of no other use than that of acquiring an habit of labour, the attaining a steadiness of mind, and subduing our aversions to such things as seem to give a check to the natural bent of our inclinations, it would notwithstanding prove a concern of the last importance. In effect, it draws us off from indolence and inactivity, from a corrupt taste for gaming, from a too violent pursuit of the diversions in fashion, and, in short, from a too partial indulgence of our inordinate

appetites and affections : it fills up to advantage all our vacant hours, and renders that leisure highly agreeable, which without the aid of Study, is a kind of death, and the grave (if I may be indulged the expression) of a man alive.

In a word, Study enables us to pass a right judgment on the labours of other men, to associate ourselves with persons of merit and understanding, to have a share in the conversation of the most polite, without which we should be dumb, and have no opportunities of exerting those rational faculties which the indulgence of heaven has bestowed upon us.

The next grand article in the instruction of youth, which demands a Tutor's most serious attention, is the conduct of their manners.

Were there no nobler views in instruction, than the improvement of youth in learning, how valuable soever it may be ; were it to aim only at the enlargement of their ideas, without a due regard to the forming their hearts, it would not answer what might justly be expected from it, nor conduct us to one of the principal ends for which we were created.

If we examine the nature of the human species ever so transiently, we cannot but discover, that man is a sociable creature, and not made for himself alone. Providence has allotted him a proper sphere to move in ; he is the member of a community, the advantages whereof he ought, as much as in his power, to promote.

However, amongst the vast variety of employments, which distinguish one man from another, all public posts of trust require the most shining talents,

talents, and a more than common share of wisdom and good conduct.

Now 'tis Virtue alone that qualifies a man for the due discharge of any such important offices with honour and applause. It is the good intentions of the heart that distinguish him from the common herd of mankind, and render him a proper instrument for the promotion of social happiness. 'Tis Virtue that gives him a true taste of solid glory, that inspires him with a zeal for his country, and with proper motives to serve it to the utmost of his power: it is Virtue that prompts him to think nothing truly valuable, but sincerity and justice; nothing agreeable, but a conscience void of offence towards God and man; and nothing odious or shameful, but what is vicious. It is Virtue, in short, that habituates him, in all his actions, to have a single eye to the judgment and approbation of posterity, and to look down with contempt on the faint and languid glitter of a false glory, which, in the compass of a few years, will vanish like a vapour.

The end of all Study, therefore, is to make men virtuous. The end of instruction, in the opinion of Plato, was to reform the manners of youth: and whoever departed from that great principle, did by no means deserve the esteem or the approbation of the public.

We may with ease apply this principle to the study of literature, and all the liberal arts. It instructs us not to disregard them, but, like the industrious bee, to extract all the honey that can possibly be expected from them.

Now the use that ought to be made of them, is to inspire young persons (by a proper application
of

of the maxims, examples, and remarkable events, which are transmitted to us, in the writings of the most approved authors) with the love of virtue, and an abhorrence of vice.

Youth stand in need of a faithful and constant Monitor, an advocate to plead with them in the cause of truth, integrity and right reason, who shall point out the errors that prevail in the world, and to lay down some certain rules by which they may discern them.

But who must this Monitor be? Shall their Tutors form set lessons for their improvement in this particular? By no means. Children take the alarm at the very name of lessons, are on their guard, and turn a deaf ear to all such admonitions.

In order, therefore, to preserve them from the contagion of the present degenerate age, they must be carried back into distant countries as well as times, and the opinions and examples of the great men of antiquity must be opposed to the false maxims and bad examples, by which the greater part of mankind are deluded and led astray. Youth will attend with pleasure to such lectures, as are recommended to them by a Scipio or a Cyrus; and such instructions, concealed under the pleasing mask of stories, will make a deeper impression on their minds, as they appear artless, and seem to be laid before them without design.

By the great examples, and amiable characters which are to be met with in history, our Youth are taught to have an early sense of what is excellent, to have a taste for virtue, and to fix their attention on real merit. From hence they learn to form a just judgment on mankind, to conquer popular prejudices, and to look upon a real service
done

done to a friend in distress, preferable to the conquest of an enemy in the field of battle.

'Tis doubtless a very just observation, that nothing is more apt to inspire sentiments of virtue, and create a detestation of vice, than the conversation of men of merit. And this advantage is principally to be drawn from the perusal of the best authors. It forms a kind of relation betwixt us and the greatest men amongst the antients. We converse with them; we travel with them; we live with them; we hear them discourse, and are witnesses of their actions.

When a Tutor has gone thus far, and has instilled the principles of honour and honesty into the hearts of his Pupils, he is to take one step farther, and to use his utmost endeavours to confirm them in the principles of their most holy religion. This is the most important and essential point, and should be the chief end of all their instructions. Though religion should not be always indeed in their mouths, yet it should be ever in their minds, and never out of sight.

There are a thousand passages to be met with, in the writings of the Pagans themselves, which furnish a judicious Tutor with such reflections, as are proper to give Youth an adequate idea of the sanctity, and superior excellence of the Christian religion to any other whatsoever.

And such passages ought frequently to be thrown in children's way; as instruction by examples, is more effectual and persuasive, than that by precepts.

To sum up all in a few words, Reason then, after having graced the understanding of a scholar with the knowledge of all human sciences, and strengthened

strengthened his heart with all the moral virtues, must at length resign him into the hands of Religion, that he may learn from thence how to make a right use of all that has been taught him, and be consecrated for eternity. Reason should inform him, that without the instructions of this new master, all his labour would be but a vain amusement: Reason, in fine, should suggest to him, that it is his greatest happiness, and most indispensable duty, to make all his other acquisitions and talents subservient to his religion.

To the Publisher of the BOOK-WORM.

*Salvation, Empire, Majesty, and Might,
Thanksgiving, Pow'r, and Glory infinite,
To HIM, who sits High on his Throne in Heav'n,
And to the Lamb of GOD be ever given! BLACKM.*

Oxford, Dec. 1. 1757.

S I R,

THE Festival of the miraculous Nativity of our BLESSED REDEEMER being now at hand, I presume something serious, and suitable to that solemn occasion, will be esteemed a proper amusement for your Moral Miscellany. I have herewith therefore sent you inclosed the awful character of the MESSIAH, the ever-adorable SON of GOD, most beautifully drawn, by that great, and universally admired poet, Mr. POPE. I no ways doubt, but that so lively a picture of the BLESSED JESUS, cloathed in all the majesty of dress, that our language will admit of, will meet with a favourable reception.

reception from all your serious readers. I heartily wish you good success, and if any thing singularly beautiful comes to my hands, you may depend on my readiness to transcribe it, for the promotion of your Phœnix; and I shall be pleased, if I can, by any means, contribute towards the establishment of it on a solid, and lasting basis.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

T: L:

*The MESSIAH; extracted from Mr. POPE'S
Miscellanies.*

YE nymphs of Solyma! begin the song,
To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus, and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more:—O! Thou, my voice inspire,
Who touch'd ISAIAH's hollow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times the Bard begun;
A VIRGIN shall conceive, a VIRGIN bear a SON!
From (a) Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies,
Th' ætherial Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descend the Mystic Dove.
Ye (b) heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!
The (c) sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.

(a) Isaiah, Chap. xi. 1. (b) Chap. xlv. 8. (c) Chap. xxv. 4.

All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail ;
 Returning (*d*) justice lift aloft her scale ;
 Peace o'er the world her olive-branch extend,
 And white-rob'd innocence from heav'n descend.
 Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn !
 Oh, spring to light ! auspicious babe, be born !
 See, nature hasts her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring !
 See, lofty (*e*) Lebanon his head advance !
 See, nodding forests on the mountains dance !
 See, spicy clouds from lowly SHARON rise,
 And CARMEL's flow'ry top perfumes the skies !
 Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert chears ;
 Prepare (*f*) the way ! a God, a God appears !
 A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply ;
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching deity.
 Lo ! earth receives him from the bending skies !
 Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye vallies, rise !
 With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay ;
 Be smooth, ye rocks ; ye rapid floods, give way !
 The SAVIOUR comes ! by ancient Bards foretold ;
 Hear him, ye (*g*) deaf ! and, all ye blind, behold !
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day.
 'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new musick charm th' unfolding ear.

(*d*) Isaiah, Chap. ix. 7.

(*e*) Chap. xxxv. 2.

(*f*) Chap. xl. 3, 4.

(*g*) Chap. xlii. 18. and xxxv. 5, 6.

The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting, like the bounding roe;
 No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear;
 From every face he wipes off every tear.
 In adamantinē (*b*) chains shall DEATH be bound,
 And HELL's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
 As the good (*i*) Shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
 Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees 'em, and by night protects;
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
 The promis'd (*k*) father of the future age.
 No more shall (*l*) nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes;
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er;
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad faulchion in a plough-share end.
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful (*m*) Son
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.
 The swain, in barren (*n*) deserts, with surprize,
 Sees lillies spring, and sudden verdure rise;

(*b*) Isaiah, Chap. xxv. 8. (*i*) Chap. xl. 11.
 (*k*) Chap. ix. 6. (*l*) Chap. ii. 4. (*m*) Chap. lxxv. 21, 22.
 (*n*) Chap. xxxv. 1. 7.

And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear
 New falls of water murm'ring in his ear :
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
 Waste, sandy (*o*) vallies, once perplext with thorn,
 The spiry fir, and shapely box adorn :
 To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
 And od'rous myrtle to the noisom weed.
 The lambs (*p*) with wolves shall graze the verdant
 mead,

And Boys in flow'ry bands the tyger lead ;
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless (*q*) serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk, and speckled snake ;
 Pleas'd, the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forky tongue and pointless sting
 shall play.

Rise, crown'd with light, imperial (*r*) SALEM, rise!
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes !
 See, a long (*s*) race thy spacious courts adorn !
 See, future sons and daughters yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
 See, barb'rous (*t*) nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy Temple bend !

(*o*) Ifaiah, Chap. xli. 19. and lv. 13. (*p*) Chap. xi. 6, 7, 8.
 (*q*) Chap. lxxv. 25. (*r*) Chap. lx. 1. (*s*) Chap. lx. 4.
 (*t*) Chap. lx. 3.

See, thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
 And heap'd with products of Sabæan (*u*) springs!
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See, heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day!
 No more the rising (*w*) sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn;
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
 O'erflow thy courts; the Light himself shall shine
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
 The seas (*x*) shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
 But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains;
 Thy realm forever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns.

To the Publisher of the PHŒNIX.

S I R,

AS many of the enclosed verses are translated from one of the Sibyls, who prophesied of our Saviour's Birth; we doubt not, but that the generality of your readers will thank you for your Publication of the following Extract; especially as that solemn festival is so near at hand.

I am, yours, &c.

(*u*) Isaiah, lx. 6.
 li. 6. and liv. 10.

(*w*) Chap. lx. 19, 20.

(*x*) Chap.

The FOURTH PASTORAL ; or, POLLIO of VIRGIL, in which that divine Poet celebrates the Birth-day of Saloni^{us}, the Son of Pollio, born in the Consulship of his Father, after the taking of Salonæ, a City in Dalmatia.

SICILIAN muse, begin a loftier strain !
 Tho' lowly shrubs and trees that shade the plain,
 Delight not all ; Sicilian muse, prepare
 To make the vocal woods deserve a consul's care.
 The last great age, foretold by sacred rhymes,
 Renews its finish'd course ; Saturnian times
 Roll round again, and mighty years, begun
 From their first orb, in radiant circles run.
 The base, degen'rate, iron offspring ends ;
 A golden progeny from heav'n descends :
 O, chaste Lucina ! speed the mother's pains,
 And haste the glorious birth ; thy own Apollo
 reigns !

The lovely boy, with his auspicious face,
 Shall Pollio's consulship and triumph grace ;
 Majestic months set out with him to their ap-
 pointed race.

The father banish'd virtue shall restore,
 And crimes shall threat the guilty world no more,
 The son shall lead the life of Gods, and be
 By Gods and heroes seen, and Gods and heroes see.
 The jarring nations he in peace shall bind,
 And with paternal virtues rule mankind.

Unbidden

Unbidden earth shall wreathing ivy bring,
And fragrant herbs (the promises of spring)
As her first offerings to her infant king.

The goats with strutting dugs shall homeward speed,
And lowing herds secure from lions feed.

His cradle shall with rising flow'rs be crown'd ;

The serpents brood shall die : the sacred ground

Shall weeds and pois'nous plants refuse to bear ;

Each common bush shall Syrian roses wear.

But when heroic verse his youth shall raise,

And form it to hereditary praise ;

Unlabour'd harvests shall the fields adorn,

And cluster'd grapes shall blush on ev'ry thorn.

The knotty oaks shall show'rs of honey weep,

And through the matted grass the liquid gold shall
creep.

Yet, of old fraud some footsteps shall remain,

The merchant still shall plow the deep for gain ;

Great cities shall with walls be compass'd round,

And sharpen'd shares shall vex the fruitful ground ;

Another Typhis shall new seas explore,

Another Argos land the chiefs upon th' Iberian
shore :

Another Helen other wars create,

And great Achilles urge the Trojan fate :

But when to ripen'd manhood he shall grow,

The greedy sailer shall the seas forego ;

No keel shall cut the waves for foreign ware ;

For ev'ry foil shall ev'ry product bear.

The lab'ring hind his oxen shall disjoin,
 No plough shall hurt the glebe, no pruning-
 hook the vine,
 Nor wool shall in dissembled colours shine.
 But the luxurious father of the fold,
 With native purple or unborrow'd gold;
 Beneath his pompous fleece shall proudly sweat :
 And under Tyrian robes the lamb shall bleat.
 The fates, when they this happy web have spun,
 Shall bless the sacred clue, and bid it smoothly run:
 Mature in years to ready honours move,
 O, of celestial seed ! O ! Foster-son of Jove !
 See, lab'ring nature calls thee to sustain
 The nodding frame of heav'n, and earth, and main!
 See, to their base restor'd, earth, seas, and air,
 And joyful ages from behind, in crowding ranks
 appear !
 To sing thy praise, would heav'n my breath pro-
 long,
 Infusing spirits worthy such a song ;
 Not Thracian Orpheus should transcend my lays,
 Nor Linus, crown'd with never-fading bays :
 Tho' each his heav'nly parent should inspire ;
 The muse instruct the voice, and Phoebus tune the
 lyre.
 Should Pan contend in verse, and thou my theme,
 Arcadian judges should their God condemn.
 Begin, auspicious boy, to cast about
 Thy infant-eyes, and with a smile, thy mother
 single out ;

Thy

Thy mother well deserves that short delight,
The nauseous qualms of ten long months, and
travel; to requite.

Then smile — the frowning infant's doom is read ;
No God shall crown the board, nor Goddess bless
the bed.

AS, in the preceding beautiful Pastoral (which all impartial judges must allow to be a masterpiece, and very elegantly translated by Mr. Dryden) there are some of the most shining lines in it copied (as our correspondent very justly observes) from the prophetic writings of the Sibyls, to whom the Romans paid the tribute of divine adoration; and as numbers of our readers, especially those of the lower class, never heard of those antient poetical deities, we flatter ourselves, a short historical account of them will be properly introduced in this place, and be deemed by the curious an additional amusement. We are not insensible, indeed, that some of our gay subscribers will think we have harped too long upon the serious string already; however, if our Beaux and Belles will hear us with patience, but a little longer, we will endeavour to make atonement for our nodding, if it may be termed so, and give them, in another place, a more sprightly, and more entertaining account of Christmas.

*A succinct Account of the SIBYLS, extracted
from Mr. WATSON's History of the Hea-
then Gods and Goddeffes.*

THE Antients gave the name of Sibyls to a certain number of young women, whom they believed to be endued with the gift of prophecy. That term (according to Lactantius) signifies the COUNSEL of GOD. Varro, in his treatise of divine things, speaking of the Sibylline books, assures us, that they were not the work of one Sibyl only, but of ten. The first and most antient one, he tells us, was a Persian by birth; the second was born in Lybia; the third was of Delphos; the fourth an Italian; the fifth was of Erythræa; the sixth of Samos; the seventh was born at Cumæ; the eighth at Marpeffus in Troas; the ninth was likewise a Phrygian by birth; and the tenth was born at Tivoli or Tibur. As to the manner how their verses were collected, is not perfectly known: it is very improbable, however, that they prophesied in reality in verse; and much more so, that they themselves kept their predictions, and digested them into order; since they lived in different periods of time, and in countries remote the one from the other. How, therefore, the world came by a collection of their predictions, cloathed in hexameters; when they actually appeared, and by whom they were composed, are facts, which antiquity has not transmitted down to us. All that we know is, that the seventh, who was born at Cumæ, as is above hinted, and whose name was Amalthæa, was the young woman who made her applications to Tarquin the proud, and offered him

him a collection of these verses in nine books, for which she asked three hundred pieces of gold. That prince, thinking the demand very exorbitant, gave her an absolute refusal; whereupon she threw three of the nine into the fire, and insisted on the same sum for the remaining six; but meeting with a second repulse, she burnt three more of them, and still persisted in her first demand, for the three that were left. At length the king, fearing she should destroy the whole, deposited the sum she demanded for such remainder.

The Romans carefully kept this collection from the time of Tarquin, to the burning of the Capitol, at which time it was consumed with that superb edifice. In order therefore to repair that invaluable loss, they sent, as Tacitus assures us, to Samos, to Troy, into Afric and Sicily, and elsewhere, in order to procure as large a collection of those Sibylline verses as could possibly be found; and the deputies accordingly brought back a great quantity of them. As, doubtless, there were too many of them dubious, a certain number of their most learned priests were commissioned to make a judicious choice of them.

There was a college of fifteen persons founded, in order to their being guardians of this inestimable treasure, whom they called the Quindecemviri of the Sibyls. By them this collection was occasionally to be consulted; and so great was the faith that was put in the predictions therein contained, that whenever they were to enter upon a war, when plague and famine, or any epidemical calamity infested either city or country, hither they were sure to have recourse. It was, in short, a standing Oracle, and as often consulted by the Romans,

as that of Delphos by the Greeks and other nations.

We know not (says our author) what was the fate of this collection of Sibylline verses ; for as to that, consisting of eight books, which we have at present, tho' it may possibly contain some of the antient predictions ; yet all the critics look upon it, as a very dubious composition ; and its highly probable to have been the product of the pious fraud of some more zealous than judicious Christians, who thought, by composing it, to strengthen the authority of the Christian religion, and enable its defenders to combat paganism with greater advantage ; as if truth stood in need of forgery and lies, in order to its triumphing over error. What puts the matter quite out of doubt is, that we find, in this indigested collection, predictions relating to the mysteries of christianity, clearer than they are in Isaiah and the other prophets. There the very name of Jesus Christ, and that of the Virgin Mary occur in almost every page. It speaks of the mystery of redemption, of our Saviour's miracles, his passion, death and resurrection, the creation of the world, the terrestrial paradise, the longevity of the patriarchs, and the deluge. One of the Sibyls vaunts that she had been in the ark with Noah. There mention is made likewise of the arts ; and they who are said to excel in them, are the same with those who are particularly mentioned by Moses. In this collection, in short, there are a thousand other particularities, which are evidently drawn from the sacred scriptures. Insomuch, that it is amazing to find authors so blindly preposessed, as to hold, that whatever this collection contains was composed by the Sibyls. Would God
have

have revealed to Pagans the mysteries of our religion, in a closer manner than he had done to his own people, by the mouth of the prophets? To this account, we shall add some few of the Sibylline verses and predictions, which particularly relate to our blessed Saviour for the farther amusement of the curious.

The second, that is to say, she who was born in Lybia, speaks, not only of the miraculous birth of Jesus Christ, but of his miracles likewise in the following terms.

Virgo hunc sancta dabit terris gremioque fovebit,

* * *

*Ille quidem morbis pressos sanabit, et omnes
Firmos restituet læsos, &c.*

Would not any one think that this was Isaiah, or one of the Evangelists speaking?

She of Delphos is as plain upon our Saviour's conception and nativity.

*Non tardè veniet, tacitâ sed mente tenendum
Hoc opus; hoc memori semper qui corde reponet,
Hujus portentant cor gaudia magna prophetæ
Eximii, qui virgineâ conceptus ab alvo,
Prodibit sine contactu maris, &c.*

Among the predictions of the Erythræan Sibyl we find acrostic verses, the initial letters whereof form these words, *Jesus Christus, Dei Filius, Salvator*. Of her, St. Augustine, in the xxviiith book of the City of God, says to this, or the like effect. “ The Erythræan Sibyl has prophesied of Jesus
“ Christ

“ Christ in a very perspicuous manner : I had
 “ seen a translation thereof, but it was very a
 “ false one. When Flavianus the proconsul, a very
 “ knowing man, shewed me the original Greek,
 “ there was this prediction in acrostic verses, each
 “ of which began with one of the letters which
 “ make up the following words :

Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς Θεοῦ υἱὸς Σωτὴρ.

The Sibyl of Samos, after having spoken of God in an equally sublime and orthodox manner, says, there is none but he who is worthy to be adored.

*Principium, finem, media omnia novit : ab ipsa
 Omnia sunt : solus Deus est, neque est Deus alter.*

* * * * *

*Illum igitur solum existentem colite — Opificem mundi,
 qui solus è sæculo, et in sæculum fuit, estque futurus.*

She of Cumæ in Ionia speaks of the resurrection of Jesus Christ, of the end of the world, and of the general conflagration.

The Hellepontine Sibyl prophesies of an age under Jesus Christ, as happy as the golden age, so much sung by the poets, and mentions the eclipse, that was to happen at his death.

The Phrygian foretels the annunciation, and the birth of Jesus Christ, miraculously conceived in the womb of a Virgin ; his death, his passion, his resurrection ; and as if she had copied the Evangelists, she prophesies, that he should shew his hands and feet to the apostles.

*Tum dominus linquet manes, lucemque reviset,
Prima resurgendi lectis vestigia monstrans ;
Porro suis primum dominus patifor, eritque
Corporeus, sicut fuit ante, manusque pedesque
Ostendet, &c.*

To these predictions so plain and clear, she sub-joins others relating to idolaters, whom she threatens with the wrath of God, unless they abandon the worship of idols. She foresees likewise the last judgment, and Jesus Christ seated upon a throne, coming to judge all mankind. She does not even omit the signs that are to usher in the last day, nor the trumpet that shall be heard in the four corners of the world.

In fine, she of Tibur or Tivoli, speaks also of the birth of Jesus Christ at Bethlehem.

*A Continuation of the Eastern TALE, entituled,
the HAPPY SAVAGE.*

THE ambassadors were soon dispatched, and the Sultan spent most of his vacant hours in consulting means to bring the Savage to speech ; for he was now become very tractable, had permitted his nails to be cut, his hair to be trimmed off his face, and to wear cloaths ; and, excepting his want of the use of speech, was every way like one of the noblest of the species ; for, as the Sultan, had dressed him in rich robes, his limbs were so well turned, and his features so regular, that he appeared of his years the most comely youth about court. He was haughty, and a little austere to the domestics

domestics that attended him; but in the Sultan's presence all softness and submission, insomuch, that it surprized every body to see such a change in so short a time. As his melancholy began to abate, it was observed, that he amused himself, while alone, in imitating the voice of several birds and forest beasts, a faculty he never before discovered, though he seemed to do it to so great perfection, as even to deceive the nicest ear. On this discovery, the Sultan made one of the pages repeat an Arabic word, that had a musical sound, and struck the ear strong for near an hour together under the windows of his apartment. The first day, indeed, had no effect, but the second had; for the young Savage repeated it articulately. The Sultan then repeated some words strong in his ear, which, after two or three times, the Savage pronounced distinctly, and by this means, in about nine months, by the attendance of diligent tutors, he was master of the Arabic, and could speak it as fluently, and with as good a grace, as any at court; for he discovered in every thing a most miraculous genius. The Sultan became excessively fond of him, and had masters in all sciences of the greatest repute in the east, to form his mind and manners: his progress seemed beyond the force of nature; for a hint was sufficient to enable him to investigate the most difficult problems in the mathematics; his masters had not been thrice to teach him, before he learned all they knew, as if it were by inspiration; and made a greater progress in a year and a half after his coming to the use of speech, than other youth would have done in ten years. He was master of every accomplishment befitting a prince, and was so much in the good graces of Sultan Amurath, that

that all his courtiers treated him as a prince. He was circumcised, and called Amurath, after the Sultan, whom he had treated with the utmost filial respect and tenderness, expressing himself sensible of the unspeakable advantages he reaped from his humane care of him, that from a brute he had formed a man. He was soon ranked next the princes of Amurath's blood, and stiled prince; and at last, his sagacity and solidity of judgment became so conspicuous to the Sultan, that he admitted him into the Divan, placed him on the bench of Vizirs, where what he offered was listened to as oraculous, and yet delivered with so modest and diffident an air, that the oldest Vizirs could not take offence to see their opinions set aside for those of a stripling.

But amongst the young, thoughtless, and vain class of courtiers, this sudden rise of the young Savage, whom we now stile prince Amurath, gained him abundance of enemies, who dreaded the length to which the Sultan's fondness for this stranger might lead him.

But none was more interested in removing the dangerous favourite, than the Sultan's brother's son, the presumptive heir of his dominions; for Sultan Amurath had no male issue; but this young prince, named Musaem, was looked upon as his successor. He was rather a year or two older than prince Amurath, of a haughty, imperious, and passionate disposition; a slave to his passion and appetite, which he only endeavoured to hide from the Sultan. This young prince conceived a violent antipathy at prince Amurath; and joining in league with the son of the prime Vizir, and some others, of the same temper and disposition with himself,

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determined

determined to turn him out of the Sultan's favour, or destroy him privately.

Private whispers were handed about to the Sultan, to the disadvantage of the princely Savage; but as that monarch was a lover of justice, knew mankind, and the common effect of malice, he searched these whispers so nicely, that they always recoiled on the authors heads, and rivetted prince Amurath more and more in his esteem. The conspirators finding he was not to be supplanted, took the hellish resolution to assassinate him. They had always seemingly lived fair with him; now they caress him, and make parties of pleasure suitable to their station and years. As his heart contained, so it suspected no guile; but he fell headlong into the snare. They had been several times out on hunting-matches, attended only by their favourite domestics, without making any attempt; but at last the day was fixed, when, in the heat of the chase, they were to fall upon him, murder him, and lay the blame on the prey they were in pursuit of.

The fatal day came, and young Amurath came to the rendezvous, attended only by a slave whom they had suborned to their party. They went to the forest, and were some time there before any game started: the conspirators, especially the Sultan's nephew, growing impatient, rode up to Amurath, and gave the signal for the attack, and attempted the first blow himself with his scimitar; which, if it had hit its aim, must have dispatched the unhappy youth; but as he was under supernatural protection from the Brachman's talisman, he escaped the stroke, and returned it full upon his assassin's head, which he split in two with one blow. The
rest

rest of the conspirators were just preparing for the assault, but the fall of their leader struck them with such a panic, that they fled full speed out of the forest, leaving Amurath all alone, to contemplate on so odd and unexpected an accident.

He stood motionless for some minutes, looking on the dead body that lay before him; but the more he thought, the more he was bewildered; and unable to trace the cause of this attack upon his person. However, as he was conscious of no guilt, he bore no malice, and would not leave the carcase to be devoured by wild beasts or vermin, but tying it across the horse that stood by it; he took the reins in one hand, and mounting his own steed, made all the dispatch he could towards the palace. But the news was carried there more speedily, and set in a very different light; as he experienced when he came within less than a league of the city-gate. He was met, and surrounded by a party of the Sultan's guards, who eased him of the carcase; and the officer told him, he had orders to conduct him to the Black Tower, there to prepare against next day for his trial, for the wilful murder of prince Musaem; with which the Vizir's sons, and all their company, even his own slave, had charged him. Amazement tied up his speech, and he was conducted to that fatal place, from whence few return but to a violent death.

The confusion and astonishment of the whole court and city was beyond expression; all was in an uproar; nor could any certain judgment be formed till the Divan sat, which it did the next day. The unhappy Amurath was brought fettered to the presence; he prostrated himself before the Sultan, whose heart dropt tears of blood for him;

but he was determined to yield all to justice. The prince boldly urged his innocence, and stated the true fact; but the conspirators held to their false information, and swore on the Alcoran that, without any provocation, he took an opportunity to kill prince Musaem, when his back was turned to him, and threatened their lives, but that they were too nimble. The most sagacious amongst the bench of Vizirs were strongly inclinable to believe him innocent; but the evidence of seven persons of distinction must outweigh, in the eye of the law, private conjecture. The Sultan was fully satisfied of his innocence, yet he had so strict a regard for public justice, that he condemned him to be broke next day upon the wheel. He was removed again to the tower, and the next day, about the twelfth hour, was brought to the place of execution; at which moment, such a violent storm of thunder, lightning, and darkness arose, that the Seraglio was in the utmost panic, and orders were given to respite the execution for two hours. The orders were no sooner given, but the Brachman appeared in the Divan, then assembled, and with him the evidence against prince Amurath; when they there in form recanted their former evidence, confessed the conspiracy against his life, and that prince Musaem had, with that intent, made the first blow. A robe of honour was dispatched to the place of execution, he was dressed in it, his accusers broke in his place, and he conducted, amongst the shouts of the people, to the Divan, where he took his seat.

But the Sultan, desirous to indulge his fondness for the much injured youth, dismissed the assembly, and retired with the Brachman and Amurath to his closet, where the Brachman made a discovery
of

of a greater consequence; for he demonstrated the youth was the legitimate son of Sultan Amurath, by his favourite Sultaneſs Eſtacia. The name of that lady, who had died for grief of loſing that ſon, brought the tears into the Sultan's eyes, and he liſtened greedily to the ſequel of the Brachman's diſcourſe.

“ That child, named Amurath, continued the
 “ Brachman, was born ſixteen years ago, wanting
 “ this day three months; your brother's wife, the
 “ mother of prince Muſaem, ſo lately dead, was
 “ told by a Dervice, that this ſon of yours would
 “ be the death of her ſon Muſaem; from whence
 “ ſhe determined to deſtroy the infant. She ſu-
 “ borned the nurse to her party, who only reſuſed
 “ its being murdered in the Seraglio. It was given
 “ to a negro-woman, who was to ſtrangle it, and
 “ throw it into ſome ditch. In the mean time,
 “ the palace is prepared by the child's being taken
 “ ill, and at laſt it was ſuppoſed to die ſuddenly;
 “ and the news was deſignedly carried ſo abruptly
 “ to the mother, that ſhe was unable to detect
 “ the cheat; a log was put into a coffin, that
 “ now lies in the royal vault, and the real child
 “ diſpoſed of to the old Negro, who had more
 “ humanity than her employers; for rather than
 “ ſtrangle the innocent, then about nine months
 “ old, ſhe travelled with it towards Abiſamia,
 “ where ſhe had ſome friends; but in the foreſt,
 “ near that city, died of an apoplectic fit. The
 “ royal infant would have periſhed, if one of the
 “ Genii, paſſing that way, had not obſerved it; and
 “ taking compaſſion on its helpleſs condition, poured
 “ a liquor down its throat, that ſupported it for
 “ a twelve-month, and in that time it grew ſtrong
 “ enough

“ enough to pick up its food of the fallen fruits
 “ in the forest ; there it remained till it was
 “ brought to Abisamia. There is yet a further
 “ proof ; the mark of a pomegranate is under
 “ his left breast, which you know to be a mark
 “ of your son. The nurse is still in the Seraglio,
 “ and must confess the fact.” She was sent for,
 and owned it ; the log was discovered in the coffin,
 and all circumstances made so clear, that in a full
 Divan, and a general assembly of the people, Sul-
 tan Amurath acknowledged him for his son and
 heir.

The Brachman at the same time acquainted the
 Sultan with that part of the prince's destiny that
 related to his marriage with the fair Fatima ;
 which he approved of, as it promised the union
 of two potent kingdoms in their joint-issue ; and
 gave the Brachman permission to negotiate that
 affair with the Sultan of Abisamia.

The change in the fate of the young Savage
 very much surprized the court of Abisamia, and
 Sultan Raja, who knew the interest of his people,
 approved of the match so soon as proposed, and
 enjoined his daughter to prepare for setting out so
 soon as Sultan Amurath's ambassadors should ar-
 rive to demand her in form ; which was every day
 expected : but that unhappy lady could not erase
 from her mind the first impression of the monster,
 and neither pictures, nor the favourable reports
 of universal fame, could reconcile her mind to
 the match. She was resolved to submit to every
 difficulty, rather than espouse the young prince.
 In the height of her agony, a young Arabian
 prince made secretly his addresses to her, and pro-
 posed carrying her off to his father's territories,
 that

that lay on the Arabian gulph. In the disposition she was in, she would have accepted of any proposal that could remove her from her father's court.

She fell in with his design, and packed up what jewels she could command; and attended only by Cadiga, made her escape out of the Seraglio, met her lover, who had provided a small equipage for their journey, and set out, in the dead of night, as he thought, on the road towards his father's dominions. They travelled for fifteen days without any cross accident, but on the sixteenth, they were overtaken by a storm of thunder and lightning, that killed their camels and mules, and set fire to their little equipage. They were obliged to travel over hills, mountains, and wild unknown deserts; for now the prince found he had lost his way. The storm lasted three nights, and the last night Fatima and her company took shelter in the hollow of a rock, and fell fast asleep. She dreamed, that she was pursued by a monster, and that a youth, whose image she saw, killed the monster, when it was ready to devour her, and that the youth was destined to be her husband. The dream made so strong impression on her mind, that she thought she should know the noble youth amongst a thousand.

About an hour after day-break she waked, and found herself all alone, on a delightful rising ground, that over-looked a charming villa, surrounded with the most delicious gardens. She was surprized at the absence of her fellow-travellers; but being almost famished for want of food, she got up, with intent to ask relief at the villa. She had not travelled a hundred paces, when a fierce tyger rushed out of a thicket, and would have devoured

devoured her, if a youth, the very image of that she saw in her dream, had not struck off his head with one blow. The danger she was in, and her sudden delivery (for they were each instantaneous) deprived her of speech, and threw her breathless at the feet of her deliverer. He raised her up, and knew her to be the fair Fatima of Abisamia; for the youth was no other than prince Amurath, that happened at this juncture to be at this villa of his father's, situated not above a league from the Seraglio; and to which Fatima had, by the power of the Brachman, been conducted. The lovely Fatima soon recovered her spirits, and thanked her deliverer; in short, a few tales of love passed between them, and they plighted to each other their faith, concealing from each other their real names. Prince Amurath ordered a close litter to be got ready, and was impatient to communicate his good fortune to the Sultan; but the event was known there before; for the Brachman, by his power, transported the Sultan of Abisamia to Ebinezreb, and introduced the two monarchs to each other, acquainting them with the means he had used to bring together, and remove Fatima's prejudice against the prince. Her father retired when his daughter and the prince appeared, and did not discover himself till the Cadi had performed the ceremony of marriage. Then the whole company joined in mutual joy and happiness, and the fair Fatima, having discovered whom she had wedded, acknowledged her prejudice ill-grounded, and that her destiny was the happiest she could choose. The two Sultans lived to a moderate old age, and left their vast territories to the now supremely happy Amurath; whose reign was long
and

and prosperous, and distinguished by the epithet
of HAPPY.

Dec. 20, 1757.

To the Publisher of the PHOENIX,

S I R,

AS the chearful Festival of Christmas is now
just at hand; I flatter myself the enclosed
Extract from the WORLD, will be looked upon
by your Antiquarians, as a well-seasoned morsel
for their convent. Their acceptance, and public
acknowledgment of the receipt of it, is all the
retaliation required. I have nothing farther to add,
but the usual compliments of the season, and my
sincere wishes, that your Periodical Amusements
may meet with the desired success,

I am, yours, &c.

A. Z.

P. S. If you call at the Ram Inn in Smithfield
to-morrow night, you will find a leash of fine
leverets; a large parcel of fat ortolans, potted in
high taste, with an hamper of choice Antigallican
wine of my own brewing, for the use of your
society on their grand gawdy.

*Mr. Adam Fitz-Adam's facetious Animadversions on
the different modes observed by the Antients, and
the present Age in their solemnization of Christmas.*

OUR ancestors (says he) considered Christmas in
the double light of a holy commemoration, and

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a cheerful festival; and accordingly, distinguished it by devotion, by vacation from business, by merriment, and hospitality. They seemed eagerly bent to make themselves, and every body about them happy. With what punctual zeal did they wish one another a merry Christmas? And what an omission would it have been thought to have concluded a letter without the Compliments of the Season? The great hall resounded with the tumultuous joys of servants and tenants, and the gambols they played served as an amusement to the lord of the mansion and his family, who, by encouraging every art, conducive to mirth and entertainment, endeavoured to soften the rigour of the season, and mitigate the influence of winter. What a fund of diversion was the chusing King and Queen upon Twelfth-Night? And how greatly ought we to regret the neglect of minced-pies; which, besides the idea of merry-making inseparable from them, were always considered as the test of scismatics! How zealously were they swallowed by the orthodox, to the utter confusion of all fanatical recusants! If any country gentleman should be so unfortunate, in this age, as to lie under a suspicion of heresy, where will he find so easy a method of acquitting himself, as by the Ordeal of Plumb-porridge?

To account for a revolution, which has rendered this season (so eminently distinguished formerly) now so little different from the rest of the year, will be no difficult task. The share which devotion had in the solemnization of Christmas is greatly reduced; and it is not to be expected, that those who have no religion at any other part of

those

the year, should suddenly bring their minds from a habit of dissipation to a temper, not very easy to be taken up with the day. As to the influence which vacation from business and festal mirth have had in the celebration of holidays, they can have no particular effect in the present times, when almost every day is spent like an anniversary rejoicing; when every dinner is a feast, the very tasting of our wines hard-drinking, and our common play is gaming. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that there is nothing remaining in this town to characterize the time, but the orange and rosemary, and the bell-man's verses.

The Romans allotted this month to the celebration of their feast, called the Saturnalia. During those holidays, every servant had the liberty of saying what he pleased to his master with impunity.

————— *Age, libertate Decembri,*

Quando ita majores voluerunt, utere.

I wish with all my heart, that the same indulgence was allowed to servants in these times, provided that it would be a restraint upon their licentiousness through the rest of the year.

The most fatal revolution, and what principally concerns this season is, the too general desertion of the country, the great scene of hospitality. Of all the follies of this age, it is the least to be accounted for, how small a part of such as throng to London in the winter, are those, who either go upon the plea of business, or to amuse themselves with what were formerly called the pleasures of the place. There are the theatres, music, and I may add,
Q 2 many

many other entertainments, which are only to be had in perfection in the metropolis; but it is really a fact, that three parts in four of those who crowd the houses which are already built, and who are now taking leases of foundations, which are to be houses as fast as hands can make them, come to town with the sole view of passing their time over a card-table.

To our candid Readers of both SEXES.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

HAVING, in a preceding Number, imposed upon you a fallacious account of the origin and antiquity of the Bucks; and having made a formal apology to the ladies for the introduction of that Numidian Novel; we shall here (by way of compensation) lay before you a more genuine, authentic, and entertaining account of that affair, composed by a more artful and impartial hand, which, we doubt not, will set all matters relating to that disputable topic in so fair and clear a point of light, that we shall never have occasion to resume it any more.

The GRADATION of a BUCK from a GREEN-HORN; extracted from an humorous Letter, addressed to the ADVENTURER.

S I R,

THOUGH the characters of men (says our ingenious author) have perhaps been essentially the same in all ages; yet their external appearance

pearance has changed with other peculiarities of time and place, and they have been distinguished by different names as new modes of expression have prevailed: a periodical writer, therefore, who catches the picture of evanescent life, and shews the deformity of follies, which, in a few years will be so changed as not to be known, should be careful to express the character, when he describes the appearance, and to connect it with the name, by which it then happens to be called. You have frequently used the terms BUCK and BLOOD, and have given some account of the characters which are thus denominated; but you have not considered them as the last stages of a regular progression, nor taken any notice of those which precede them. Their dependance on each other is, indeed, so little known, that many suppose them to be distinct and collateral classes, formed by persons of opposite interests, tastes, capacities, and dispositions: the scale, however, consists of eight degrees; namely, GREEN-HORN, JEMMY, JESSAMY, SMART, HONEST FELLOW, JOYOUS SPIRIT, BUCK, and BLOOD. As I have myself passed through the whole series, I shall explain each station by a short account of my life, remarking the periods when my character changed its denomination, and the particular incidents by which the change was produced.

My father was a wealthy farmer, in Yorkshire; and when I was near eighteen years of age, he brought me to London, and put me apprentice to a considerable shop-keeper in the city. There was an aukward, modest simplicity in my manner, and a reverence of religion and virtue in my conversation. The novelty of the scene that was now placed

placed before me, in which there were innumerable objects that I never conceived to exist, rendered me attentive and credulous; peculiarities, which, without a provincial accent, a slouch in my gait, a long, lank head of hair, and an unfashionable suit of drab-coloured cloth, would have denominated me a GREEN-HORN, or in other terms, a COUNTRY PUT, very green.

Green, then, I continued, even in externals near two years; and in this state, I was the object of universal contempt and derision: but being at length wearied with merriment and insult, I was very sedulous to assume the manners and appearance of those, who in the same station were better treated. I had already improved greatly in my speech; and my father having allowed me thirty pounds a year for apparel and pocket-money, the greater part of which I had saved, I bespoke a suit of cloaths of an eminent city-taylor, with several waistcoats and breeches, and two frocks for a change. I cut off my hair, and procured a brown bob perriwig of WILDING, just of the same colour, with a single row of curls round the bottom, which I wore very nicely combed, and without powder. My hat, which had been cocked with great exactness in an equilateral triangle, I discarded, and purchased one of a more fashionable size, the fore-corner of which projected near two inches farther than those on each side, and was moulded into the shape of a spout. I also furnished myself with a change of white thread-stockings, took care that my pumps were varnished every morning with the new German blacking-ball, and when I went out, carried in my hand a little switch, which, as it has been long appendant to the cha-

acter

facter that I had just assumed, has taken the same name, and is called a JEMMY.

I soon perceived the advantage of this transformation. My manner had not, indeed, kept pace with my dress; I was still modest and diffident, temperate and sober, and consequently still subject to ridicule; but I was now admitted into company, from which I had before been excluded by the rusticity of my appearance; I was rallied and encouraged by turns; and I was instructed both by precept and example. Some offers were made of carrying me to a house of private entertainment, which then I absolutely refused; but I soon found the way into the play-house, to see the two last acts, and the farce. Here I learned, that by breaches of chastity no man was thought to incur either guilt or shame; but that, on the contrary, they were essentially necessary to the character of a fine gentleman. I soon copied the original, which I found to be universally admired, in my morals, and made some farther approaches to it in my dress. I suffered my hair to grow long enough to comb back over the fore-top of my wig, which, when I sallied forth to my evening-amusement, I changed to a queue; I tied the collar of my shirt with half an ell of black ribbon, which appeared under my neckcloth; the fore-corner of my hat was considerably elevated and shortened, so that it no longer resembled a spout, but the corner of a minced-pye; my waistcoat was edged with a narrow lace, my stockings were silk, and I never appeared without a pair of clean gloves. My address, from its native masculine plainness, was converted to an excess of softness and civility, especially when I spoke to the ladies. I had before
made

made some progress in learning to swear; I had proceeded by fegs, faith, pox, plague, 'pon my life, 'pon my soul, rat it, and zookers, to zauns and the devil. I now advanced to by jove, 'efore ged, geds curse it, and demme; but I still uttered these interjections in a tremulous tone, and my pronunciation was feminine and vicious. I was sensible of my defects, and therefore applied with great diligence to remove them. I frequently practised alone; but it was a long time before I could swear so much to my own satisfaction in company as by myself. My labour, however, was not without its reward; it recommended me to the notice of the ladies, and procured me the gentle appellation of a Jessamy.

I now learned among other GROWN GENTLEMEN to dance; which greatly enlarged my acquaintance; I entered into a subscription for country-dances once a week at a tavern, where each gentleman engaged to bring a partner: at the same time, I made considerable advances in swearing: I could pronounce damme with a tolerable air and accent, give the vowel its full sound, and look with confidence in the face of the person to whom I spoke. About this time my father's elder brother died, and left me an estate of near five hundred pounds per annum. I now bought out the remainder of my time; and this sudden accession of wealth and independence gave me immediately an air of greater confidence and freedom. I laid out near one hundred and fifty pounds in cloaths, though I was obliged to go into mourning. I employed a court-taylor to make them up; I exchanged my queue for a bag; I put on a sword, which, in appearance at least, was a toledo; and
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in proportion as I knew my dress to be elegant, I was less solicitous to be neat. My acquaintance now encreased every hour; I was attended, flattered, and caressed; was often invited to entertainments; supped every night at a tavern, and went home in a chair; was taken notice of in public places, and universally confessed to be improved into a SMART.

There were some intervals in which I found it necessary to abstain from wenching; and in these, at whatever risque, I applied myself to the bottle: a habit of drinking came upon me, and I was soon able to walk home with a bottle and a pint. I had learned a sufficient number of fashionable toasts, and got by heart several toasting, and several bawdy songs, some of which I ventured to roar out with a friend hanging on my arm, as we scoured the street after our nocturnal revel. I now laboured with indefatigable industry to increase these acquisitions. I enlarged my stock of healths; made great progress in singing, joking, and story-telling; swore well; could make a company of staunch toppers drunk; always collected the reckoning, and was the last man that departed. My face began to be covered with red pimples, and my eyes to be weak; I became daily more negligent of my dress, and more blunt in my manner; I professed myself a foe to starters and milk-sops; declared, that there was no enjoyment equal to that of a bottle and a friend, and soon gained the appellation of an HONEST FELLOW.

By this distinction, I was animated to attempt yet greater excellence; I learned several feats of mimicry of the under-players, could take off known characters, tell a staring story, and hum-

bug with so much skill as sometimes to take in a knowing-one. I was so successful in the practice of these arts, to which, indeed, I applied myself with unwearied diligence and assiduity, that I kept my company roaring with applause, till their voices sunk by degrees, and they were no longer able to laugh, because they were no longer able to hear, or see. I had now ascended another scale in the climax, and was acknowledged by all who knew me to be a JOYOUS SPIRIT.

After all these topics of merriment were exhausted, and I had repeated my tricks, my stories, my jokes, and my songs, till they grew insipid, I became mischievous; and was continually devising and executing FROLICS, to the unspeakable delight of my companions, and the injury of others. For many of them I was prosecuted, and frequently obliged to pay large damages; but I bore all these losses with an air of jovial indifference; I pushed on in my career; I was more desperate in proportion as I had less to lose; and being deterred from no mischief by the dread of its consequences, I was said to run at all, and complimented with the name of Buck.

My estate was mortgaged for more than it was worth; my creditors were importunate; I became negligent of myself and of others; I made a desperate effort at the gaming-table, and lost the last sum I could raise. My estate was seized by the mortgagee; I learned to pack cards, and to cog a die; became a bully to whores; passed my nights in a brothel, the street, or the watch-house; was utterly insensible of shame, and lived upon the town, as a beast of prey in a forest. Thus I reached the summit of modern glory, and had just acquired

the distinction of a BLOOD, when I was arrested for an old debt of three hundred pounds, and thrown into the King's-Bench-Prison.

These characters, Sir, though they are distinct, yet do not at all differ, otherwise than as shades of the same colour: and though they are stages of a regular progression, yet the whole progress is not made by every individual. Some are so soon initiated in the mysteries of the town, that they are never publicly known in their GREEN-HORN state; others fix long in the JEMMY-HOOD; others are JESSIMYS at fourscore, and some stagnate in each of the higher stages of life.

But I request, that they may never hereafter be confounded either by you, or your correspondents. Of the BLOOD, your brother adventurer, Mr. WILDGOOSE, though he assumes the character, does not seem to have a just and precise idea, as distinct from the BUCK, in which class he should be placed, and will probably die; for he seems determined to shoot himself, just at the time when his circumstances will enable him to assume the higher distinction.

But the retrospect upon life, which this letter has made necessary, covers me with confusion, and aggravates despair. I cannot but reflect, that, among all these characters, I have never assumed that of a MAN. Man is a REASONABLE BEING, which he ceases to be, who disguises his body with ridiculous fopperies, or degrades his mind by detestable brutality. These thoughts would have been of great use to me, if they had occurred seven years ago.—If they are of use to you, I hope you will send me a small gratuity for my labour to alleviate the misery of hunger and nakedness; but,

dear sir, let your bounty be speedy, lest I perish before it arrive.

I am, your humble servant,

Common-side,
King's-bench,
Oct. 18. 1753.

NOMENTANUS.

To the Publisher of the BOOK-WORM.

S I R,

I Have perused your Hyp-doctor's Charm for the Gout with all due attention, and, indeed, with abundance of pleasure. Though I never felt (thanks to my good stars!) the excruciating tortures of that malignant court-distemper; and consequently can say little in regard to its wonderful operations on that score; yet I dare venture (on my own experience) to pronounce, that 'tis a most excellent specific for another malady, which is painful enough, I mean, the vapours. I have prescribed it accordingly to some of my female acquaintance, where it has met with the desired success. By others, however, who are incurious, it must be confessed, it has been treated with an air of contempt; and they have told me, with a sneer, that in their opinion, a recipe, written in plain prose, and in characters altogether unintelligible to any one but an apothecary, would have a much better effect. I hope, therefore, you will indulge me with inserting the enclosed Essay on the Magic of Poetry, in order to convince them of their mistake, and at the same time to demonstrate the profound judgment of your facetious Physician.—

cian.—I am firmly persuaded, were your Antiquarians to oblige the public with some more poetic charms of the like kind, though few, I presume, can be met with of equal merit, it would be a means to enhance the sale of your Literary Amusements, and render them more useful, and universal. I dare answer for it, I myself can be of service to you amongst my own sex, and that will be, you cannot but be sensible, the fairest and most likely method to prepossess, the beaux, and other gentlemen of taste, in your favour. Whether I succeed or not, however, I hope you will accept of the good intentions of, Sir, your sincere well-wisher, and the first, I presume, of your female correspondents,

MELPOMENE.

*The MAGIC of POETRY; or, the prevailing
POWER of VERSE on the Minds of the Gay
and the Airy, of both Sexes.*

I Have always been of opinion (says the author to whom we are indebted for this Extract) that virtue sinks deepest into the heart of man, when it comes recommended by the powerful Charms of Poetry. The most active principle in our mind is the imagination: a good poet makes his court to it perpetually, and by this faculty takes care to gain it first. Our passions and inclinations come over next; and our reason surrenders itself with pleasure in the end. Thus the whole soul is insensibly betrayed into morality, by bribing the fancy with beautiful and agreeable images of those very things, that in the books of the philosophers

sophers appear austere, and have at the best but a kind of forbidden aspect. In a word, the poets do, as it were, strew the rough paths of virtue so full of flowers, that we are not sensible of the uneasiness of them, and imagine ourselves in the midst of pleasures, and the most bewitching allurements, at the time we are making a progress in the severest duties of life.

All men agree, that licentious poems do of all writings soonest corrupt the heart; and why should we not be as universally persuaded, that the grave and serious performances of such as write in the most engaging manner, by a kind of divine impulse, must be the most effectual persuasives to goodness? If, therefore, I were blessed with a son, in order to the forming of his manners (which is making him truly my son) I should be continually putting into his hand some fine poet. The graceful sentences, and the manly sentiments so frequently to be met with in every great and sublime writer, are, in my judgment, the most ornamental and valuable furniture that can be for a young gentleman's head; methinks, they shew like so much embroidery upon the brain. Let me add to this, that humanity and tenderness (without which there can be no true greatness in the mind) are inspired by the MUSE in such pathetical language, that all we find in prose-authors towards the raising and improving of these passions, is in comparison but cold, or lukewarm, at the best. There is besides a certain elevation of soul, a sedate magnanimity, and a noble turn of virtue, that distinguishes the hero from the plain honest man, to which verse can only raise us. The bold metaphors and sounding numbers, peculiar to the poets,

poets, rouse up all our sleeping faculties, and alarm the whole powers of the soul, much like that excellent trumpeter, mentioned by Virgil :

— *Quo non præstantior alter*

Ære ciere Viros, Martemque accendere Cantu.

I fell into this train of thinking this evening, upon reading a passage in a Mask writ by Milton, where two brothers are introduced seeking after their sister, whom they had lost in a dark night, and thick wood. One of the brothers is apprehensive lest the wandering virgin should be overpowered through the darkness and loneliness of the time and place. This gives the other occasion to make the following reflections, which, as I read them, made me forget my age, and renewed in me the warm desires after virtues, so natural to uncorrupted youth.

- “ I do not think my sister so to seek,
- “ Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
- “ And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
- “ As that the single want of light and noise
- “ (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
- “ Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
- “ And put them into misbecoming plight.
- “ Virtue could see to do what virtue would,
- “ By her own radiant light, tho' sun and moon
- “ Were in the flat sea sunk. And wisdom's self
- “ Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude :
- “ Where, with her best nurse, contemplation,
- “ She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
- “ That

" That in the various bustle of resort,
 " Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd :
 " He that has light within his own dear breast,
 " May sit 'ith center, and enjoy bright day ;
 " But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
 " Benighted walks under the mid-day sun ;
 " Himself is his own dungeon."

W E return our fair correspondent our most grateful acknowledgments, not only for her enclosed most beautiful Extract, but for her sanguine professions of concern for our future success. And in order to confirm her judicious sentiments, we beg leave to add the few following cursory observations from another writer on the same topic, which, though not equally sublime with those of Mr. Bickerstaff's, will, we flatter ourselves, meet with a favourable reception from our poetical admirers.

The poets (says our anonymous author) were the divines of the old heathens ; the censors of their manners, the correctors of their views, and had the sole direction of their lives ; they taught the people the body of their divinity in numbers ; whose charms, like those of music, wrought effectually upon their hearers, seized upon their affections, and sunk deep into their minds. Their books were so many speaking pictures, or living images, whereby the ignorant might learn what they were to follow, and what to avoid. And where can we find more strictly moral men, than some who were their disciples ? If we may judge by the effects, most certainly they took the right course ; they first captivated the understanding of their

their auditors with pleasure, and informed them, whilst they felt nothing but the greatest satisfaction imaginable.

The sublimest and most elevated pieces of Holy Scripture, were written in verse; Job, David, and Solomon, were all poets: of whom may be said, with the strictest truth, what a Roman Historian says of Homer, viz. "That there were no poets before him, whom he might imitate, neither have there been any since, who could imitate him."

As those divine books have been proposed to us by the Holy Spirit for our use, I see no reason why we ought not to propose them to ourselves for our imitation. If God himself had not approved of compositions in numbers, he would never have expressed himself in them; and can it be thought unworthy of us to aim at that which he approves? It can never repent us to endeavour to tread in the steps of those bright examples which have gone before us; to follow, though at an immense distance, those excellent patterns; and to raise our thoughts above common things by the contemplation of those which are heavenly and divine. Those bright wits, who now employ themselves upon gay and trivial, or at least but indifferent topics, and are so warmed with them, would certainly find themselves above measure elevated, and fired with an holy zeal; and their compositions, as they but surprize now, would then raise astonishment in their readers.

Though we know of no poem that so incontestibly demonstrates the magic influence of numbers, as that of the above quoted sacred Eclogue of Mr. Pope, Entituled the MESSIAH; yet we

S

have

have several other poetical extracts of the like nature still in store, that (like music) are capable of warming the coldest breast. And we doubt not, but the following descriptions, paraphrased from the sacred Scriptures, will not only charm our fair correspondent Melpomene, but all our readers in general, who entertain the least affection for the Muses.

The celebrated Dr. Young assures us, that the book of Job is not only the noblest, but the most antient poem in the world : and Bishop Patrick has given it this short, but very emphatical Eulogium ; namely, “ That its grandeur is as much “ above all other poetry, as thunder is louder than “ a whisper.” And what justice the former has done the inimitable original, in his paraphrase of that sacred History, may, in some measure, be determined, from the beauties that shine with an uncommon lustre in the four following descriptions ; namely, those of the War-horse, the Lion, the Behemoth, and the Leviathan ; all collected from that most sublime Book. The first is couched in the following sonorous terms.

“ Survey the warlike Horse !—Didst thou invest
 “ With thunder his robust, distended chest ?
 “ No sense of fear his dauntless soul allays ;
 “ ’Tis dreadful to behold his nostrils blaze ;
 “ To pace the vale he proudly takes delight,
 “ And triumphs in the fulness of his might ;
 “ High-rai’d he snuffs the battle from afar,
 “ And burns to plunge amid’ the raging war ;

“ And

“ And mocks at death, and throws his foam a-
“ round,

“ And in a storm of fury shakes the ground :

“ How does his firm, his rising heart advance,

“ Full on the brandish'd sword, and shaken lance,

“ Whilst his fixt eye-balls meet the dazzling shield,

“ Gaze, and return the light'ning of the field !

“ He sinks the sense of pain in gen'rous pride,

“ Nor feels the shaft that trembles in his side ;

“ But neighs to the shrill trumpets dreadful blast

“ Till death ; and when he groans, he groans his
“ last.”

His elegant Description of the LION runs thus.

BUT fiercer still the lordly Lion stalks,
Grimly majestic, in his lonely walks ;

When round he glares, all living creatures fly ;
He clears the desert with his rolling eye.

Say, mortal, does he rouse at thy command,
And roar to thee, and live upon thy hand ?

Dost thou for him in forests bend thy bow,
And to his gloomy den the morsel throw,

Where bent on death lie hid his tawny brood,
And couch'd in dreadful ambush, pant for blood ;

Or stretch'd on broken limbs consume the day,
In darkness wrapt, and slumber o'er their prey ?

By the pale moon they take their destin'd round,
And lash their sides, and furious tear the ground.

Now shrieks and dying groans the desert fill,

They rage ; they rend ; their rav'nous jaws distil

With crimson foam ; and when the banquet's o'er,
 They stride away, and paint their steps with gore ;
 In flight alone the shepherd puts his trust,
 And shudders at the talon in the dust.

*We shall now proceed to his beautiful Description
 of the BEHEMOTH, and add his short, but
 very just and critical Remark upon the last
 four Lines.*

Mild is my * BEHEMOTH ; tho' large his frame,
 Smooth is his temper, and repress his flame,
 While unprovok'd ; this native of the flood,
 Lifts his broad foot, and puts ashore for food ;
 Earth sinks beneath him as he moves along,
 To seek the herds, and mingle with the throng.
 See, with what strength his hard'ned loins are bound,
 All over proof, and shut against a wound !
 How like a mountain cedar moves his tail !
 Nor can his complicated sinews fail ;
 Built high and wide, his solid bones surpass
 The bars of steel ; his ribs are ribs of brass ;

* Behemoth, according to Dr. Patrick, is a word of Egyptian termination, signifying not the elephant, but a creature in that country, called by the Greek writers Hippotamos, that is, the River-horse ; for it appears by the second book of Esdras, Chap. vi. v. 49. that the Hebrews reckon the Behemoth, not among the land-animals, but among those belonging to the water, which were created on the fifth day. And there are none that we know of that sort, to whom the characters here mentioned belong, but the creature here particularly named.

His port majestic, and his armed jaw,
 Give the wide forest, and the mountain law ;
 The mountains feed him ; there the beasts admire
 The mighty stranger, and in dread retire.
 At length, his greatness nearer they survey,
 Graze in his shadow, and his eye obey.
 The fens and marshes are his cool retreat,
 His noon-tide shelter from the burning heat ;
 Their sedgy bosoms his wide couch are made,
 And groves of willows give him all their shade,
 * His eye drinks Jordan up ; when fired with
 drought,
 He trusts to turn its current down his throat ;
 In lessen'd waves it creeps along the plain,
 He sinks a river, and he thirsts again.

* The latter part of the description of this animal (says Dr. Young is evidently an hyperbole ; and it seems surprising to me, that any commentators should strain so hard, as some have done, for a new construction of it. Now an hyperbole, literally speaking, is an impossibility : — It is the importance, therefore, of the subject that justifies the use of that rhetorical figure. — Thus, for instance, St. John, having wrote an account of the life, sufferings, and death of our blessed Lord and Saviour, in order to give the reader an idea of the importance of a life so full of meritorious actions, makes use of the following hyperbole. — “ There are also (says he) many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written, every one, I suppose, that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written.”

The inspired penman's description of the last (namely the Leviathan) takes up the whole 41st chapter of the book of Job, to which we shall only refer the reader : but the doctor's beautiful paraphrase of that long and remarkable passage, together with his annotations thereupon, shall close our Essay on the Magic of Numbers.

This

This last and most sublime Description runs thus.

- " Go to the Nile, and from its fruitful side,
 " Cast forth thy line into the swelling tide ;
 " With slender hair Leviathan command,
 " And stretch his vastness on the loaded strand ;
 " Will he become thy servant ?—Will he own
 " Thy lordly nod, and tremble at thy frown ?
 " Or with his sport amuse thy leisure-day,
 " And bound in silk, with thy soft maiden's play ?
 " Shall pompous banquets swell with such a prize,
 " And the bowl journey round his ample size ?
 " Or the debating merchants share the prey,
 " And various limbs to various marts convey ?
 " Thro' his firm skull what steel its way can win ?
 " What forceful engine can subdue his skin ?
 " Fly far and live ; tempt not his matchless might ;
 " The bravest shrink to cowards in his sight ;
 " The rashest dare not rouse him up ; who then
 " Shall turn on ME among the sons of men ?
 " Am I a debtor ?—Hast thou ever heard
 " Whence come the gifts which are on ME con-
 ferr'd ?
 " My lavish fruit a thousand vallies fills,
 " And mine the herds, that graze a thousand hills ;
 " Earth, sea, and air, all nature is my own,
 " And stars and sun are dust beneath my throne :
 " And dar'st thou with the world's great father vye,
 " Thou, who dost tremble at my creature's eye ?

At

“ At full my huge Leviathan shall rise,

“ Boast all his strength, and spread his wond’rous
“ size.

“ Who, great in arms, e’er stript his shining
“ mail,

“ Or crown’d his triumph with one single scale?

“ Whose heart sustains him to draw near?—Be-
“ hold,

“ Destruction yawns!—His spacious jaws unfold!

“ And, marshall’d round the wide expanse, dis-
“ close

“ Teeth, edg’d with death, and crowding rows
“ on rows:

“ What hideous fangs on either side arise,

“ And what a deep abyss between them lies!

“ Mete with thy lance, and with thy plummet
“ sound,

“ The one how long, the other how profound!

“ His bulk is charg’d with such a furious soul,

“ Thick clouds of smok from his spread nostrils
“ roll,

“ As from a furnace; and, when rouz’d his ire,

“ Fate issues from his jaws in streams of fire:

“ The rage of tempests, and the roar of seas,

“ Thy terror; these thy great superior please;

“ Strength on his ample shoulder sits in state,

“ His well-join’d limbs are dreadfully compleat;

“ His flakes of solid flesh are slow to part;

“ As steel his nerves, as adamant his heart.

“ When

" When late awak'd, he rears him from the
 " floods,
 " And stretching forth his stature to the clouds,
 " Writhes in the sun aloft his sealy height,
 " And strikes the distant hills with transient light ;
 " Far round are fatal damps of terror spread :
 " The mighty fear ; nor blush to own their dread.
 " Large is his front ; and when his burnish'd eyes
 " Lift their broad lids, the morning seems to rise.
 " In vain may death, in various shapes, invade
 " The swift-wing'd arrow, the descending blade ;
 " His naked breast their impotence defies ;
 " The dart rebounds, the brittle faulchion flies :
 " Shut in himself, the war without he hears,
 " Safe in the tempest of their rattling spears ;
 " The cumber'd strand their wasted vallies strow ;
 " His sport, the rage and labour of the foe.
 " His pastimes, like a cauldron, boil the flood,
 " And black the ocean with the rising mud ;
 " The billows feel him as he works his way ;
 " His hoary footsteps shine along the sea ;
 " The foam, high-wrought with white, divides
 the green,
 " And distant sailors point where death hath been.
 " His like earth bears not on her spacious face ;
 " Alone on nature stands his dauntless race ;
 " For utter ignorance of fear renown'd :
 " In wrath he rolls his baleful eyes around,
 " Makes ev'ry swell'n, disdainful heart subside,
 " And holds dominion o'er the sons of pride."

Several

Several creatures (says this curious naturalist) described in this and the preceding chapters, are Egyptian; this and that of the Behemoth are notoriously so; they are the River-horse and the Crocodile, those celebrated inhabitants of the Niles; and on those two it is that the inspired penman chiefly dwells. It would have been expected from an Historian; more remote from that river than Moses, in a catalogue of creatures, produced to magnify their Creator, to have dwelt on the two largest works of his hands, namely, the Elephant and the Whale. This is so natural an expectation, that some commentators have rendered Behemoth and Leviathan, the Elephant and the Whale, though the descriptions in our author will not admit of it; but Moses, living among the Egyptians; who were, as we may well suppose, under an immediate terror of the Hippotamos and Crocodile, from their daily mischiefs and ravages, it is very accountable why we should permit them to take place.

To the Publisher of the BOOK-WORM.

Friend JEREMIAH;

THOUGH thy Society have assumed the venerable Title of Antiquarians, in hopes, I presume, of commanding a more than common respect, and of being thought the Magi, or wise Men of the South; yet let me tell thee friend, they are only wise in their own conceit, and seem not (to me at least) to have the fear of the Lord before their eyes. Thy friends, Jeremiah, to deal

T

freely

freely with thee, are a set of unbelieving, obstinate, and ungodly fools: they have said in their hearts, there is nothing in Omens: they have with matchless impiety sneered at all the planets in general, and have treated with the utmost irreverence, that great and awful Comet, that is to make its appearance in the Heavens, within a few months, as an admonition to the righteous indeed; but as a terror to evil-doers. And sure none but such fools as those of thy Society would presume to rail at presages, and pronounce them to be not only superstitious but absurd. If they have not, therefore, filled up the measure of their iniquity, if they are not too obstinate and perverse sinners, I hope the enclosed Essay (not penned by any member of my own persuasion, but by a truly pious and worthy divine of thy own church, though long since laid low in the grave, will open their eyes, and convince them of their errors. If, in a word, they will but be so impartial as to give it a place in their paper, I shall look upon it as a hopeful sign of grace, and a happy step towards their reformation, I am, theirs and thy friend, and well-wisher.

TIMOTHY MEANWELL.

P Reternatural Occurrences (says our anonymous author, who wrote in the year 1718) have been ever esteemed the harbingers of something good or evil, according to their different faces. When they have appeared with a pleasant aspect, the effects have corresponded; when terrible, they have proved fatal in their consequences. The seven fat kine, which Pharaoh saw in a dream, portended the septennial plenty which came after;

after; as the lean kine did the famine which ensued, and had certainly destroyed all Egypt, if the king had not listened to Joseph's interpretation, received his admonitions, and submitted to his prudent management. Wo to Jerusalem! Wo to Jerusalem! Was the continual cry of the prophetic Jew, for the space of seven years before the lamentable downfall of that city. The flaming sword, which was seen to hang over it for some months together, before Titus, the Roman emperor, invested it, plainly denoted what was coming upon them: and the voice that was heard in the temple; "Come, let us go hence, let us go hence" was no mean notice, that God had forsaken his sanctuary, and that it was high time for every one to prepare for his own security. The embattled armies, the fiery legions which were seen in the air, and seemed to environ the city with a formal siege, were the unhappy Omens of its unavoidable desolation, and that what they most feared was coming upon them, even at their doors, namely, the Romans resolved to take away their place and nation.

Did not a preternatural star arise, to direct the Wise Men of the East to the very cradle wherein our Blessed Lord was laid by the side of his humble Mother? And was not there a total eclipse, a darkness even to be felt, at the crucifixion of the Lord of life, as if the sun withheld his beams, and was ashamed to behold an act of such flagrant impiety?

The Vine which Aftayges saw in a dream, growing out of his daughter's bowels, and over-shadowing all Asia, was a prognostic of his grandson's future greatness, and the vast extent of his empire; as the firebrand which Hecuba, when she

was with child with Paris, dreamt what she had brought forth, was a black presage, that the child she then laboured with, should prove the ruin of his country, and the utter subversion of the Trojan state.

'Tis observed in Sicily, before most violent eruptions of mount *Ætna*, for two or three days, they feel convulsions and tremulations of the earth in the parts adjacent; by which the neighbouring inhabitants are warned to provide themselves with safer dwellings, and to remove farther off from the mountain. Save as save can is then the word; and he is certainly the best steward for himself, who takes most pains to secure, at least, what he thinks most valuable.

The hand of the Almighty is like *Ætna*; it warns before it strikes; and every blow it gives is a warning-piece to others. Not long since, our near neighbours the Dutch felt it heavy upon them, their lands and their cities were then laid desolate, and those places, which were remarkably populous, became altogether uninhabitable. The age of Noah, as it were, returned upon them, and they found no ark to take sanctuary in. Their dykes proved but a poor defence; their sluices were as nothing against the stormy winds and roaring billows, when he, who commands both air and sea, had given both a commission to destroy Milton's description of the deluge, may very well be applied to the miserable circumstances of a great part of Holland at that time.

The earth

No more is seen; the floating vessel swims
Unlifted, and secure with beated prow,

Ride

Rides tilting o'er the waves ; all dwellings else
Flood overwhelms, and them with all their pomp
Deep under water rolls ;

— and in their palaces,
Where luxury late reign'd, sea-monsters whelp
And stable.

MILTON's par. lost. book II.

Great Britain, about the same time, was not altogether exempt from that calamity ; she bore a part in it ; the stroke reached her, though not so sensibly as Holland. The weight of her misfortune, through the loss of some of her shipping, was light in comparison ; the rod was laid upon her gently with a father's hand, not a tyrant's ; as it were with a design purely to amend ; to make her men, like the men of Ninive, in the time of Jonah ; that the MENE TEKEL, the hand-writing upon the wall which was against them, might be blotted out. God is willing that the severity of his justice should be prevented ; and therefore it is that he forewarns us. If upon his admonitions, men will not return, nor meet his revenge, which ever moves with a slow pace, to prevent it ; if they will still be obstinate, and persist in their own way, their punishment will certainly be more severe, as their warning hath been more ample and more evident.

The Antients used to reckon unusual overflowings of their rivers among the number of their Omens. After the murder of Julius Cæsar in the senate-house, there happened an inundation, which, accompanied with some other extraordinary events of the like dismal aspect, put the whole Roman
state

state into a consternation. The river Tiber overflowed its banks, and laid a great part of the city under water. Such an inundation at grand Cairo or Ptolemais had been no great wonder; but at Rome it was amazing, and thought to portend such dire effects, that nothing but a serious application to the immortal Gods could ever avert them.

To conclude, without being versed in the art of divination, we may venture to say, that when earthquakes and violent storms once happen; as they are less frequent, so they are the more observable, and ought to put us more upon our guard.

As the following verses are pertinent to the present subject, and well deserving, in our opinion, of the public, we shall insert them as they were transmitted to us by an unknown hand.

Part of the cviith Psalm paraphrased.

Jam jam taciturnus sidera summa putes;

Jam jam taciturnus Tartara nigra putes. OVID.

TO those who in the wilds of ocean stray,
And through the world of waters shape their way;

To those the monarch of th' extended main

Displays his wonders on the wavy plain.

Swift as his word the warring winds arise,

That sweep the furge, and darken half the skies,

And with their sudden gusts the sailors hearts surprize,

They

They climb th' aspiring wave, tow' rds heav'n they
tend,

Then to the dreaded hollow gulphs descend.

The chearful colour their pale cheeks forsakes,

And wild despair the place of reason takes ;

With horror they survey the boiling brine ;

They reel, they stagger, as o'ercome with wine ;

Their supplicating knees they humbly bow ;

They lift their eyes, aloft their arms they throw, }

Till pitying heav'n averts the solemn woe.

The furious winds are hush'd, the billows sleep,

And still, calm silence sooths the raging deep,

Then glad the sailors quit the stormy seas,

And enter the delightful port with ease.

Since much may be said on both sides (as Sir Roger de Coverly observes on another occasion in the Spectator) that is to say, in regard to Omens, we have complied with our friend Meanwell's request ; at once to testify our impartiality, and to demonstrate that we are not such profligates as he would seem to insinuate : but (be that as it may) we must deal as frankly and freely with him as he has done with us, and tell him to his face, that he has but awkwardly paraphrased the celebrated Dr. South in his remarkable sermon against the Free-thinkers, where his text is, the fool hath said in his heart there is no God. And his first animadversion thereupon is, that none but a fool would have said so. However, as we never intend to resume the topic any more, we cannot prevail on ourselves to drop it, without inserting the judicious

cious reflections of the inimitable Mr. Addison on the same subject, as an ample vindication of our ludicrous Essay; which he has with too much warmth so zealously censured.

The inimitable Mr. Addison (after he has rallied with a world of humour, that extravagant cast of mind, which exposes multitudes of people, not only in impertinent terrors, but in supernumerary duties of life) tells us, that it arises from that fear and ignorance, which are natural to the soul of man. The horror, says he, with which we entertain the thoughts of death, or indeed of any future evil, and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehensions and suspicions; and consequently, dispose it to the observation of every groundless prodigy and prediction. For, as it is the chief concern of wise men to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy; it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.

For my own part, I should be very much troubled were I endowed with this divining quality, though it should inform me truly of every thing that can befall me. I would not anticipate the relish of any happiness, nor feel the weight of any misery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one way of fortifying my soul against these gloomy presages and terrors of mind, and that is, by securing myself the friendship and protection of that Being, who disposes of events, and governs futurity.

He sees, at one view, the whole thread of my existence; not only that part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay
me

me down to sleep, I recommend myself to his care; when I awake, I give myself up to his direction. Amidst all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to him for help, and question not, but he will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not solicitous at all about it; because I am sure that he knoweth them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and support me under them.

To the Publisher of the PHŒNIX.

S I R,

NOtwithstanding the generality of your readers must, doubtless, readily acknowledge, that your late Extracts from the universally admired Mr. Pope and Mr. Dryden, are truly sublime, and judiciously adapted to the advent of our blessed Saviour; yet I am fully persuaded, that the under-written pastorals, composed indeed by inferior hands, and cloathed in a more humble dress, will hit the taste of some of your female subscribers at least, much better; as they are visibly more suitable to the solemnity of that miraculous event, which they expressly commemorate, and be deemed, in my humble opinion, no less instructive and entertaining. If, therefore, you shall think proper to communicate them to the public through the channel of your paper, it will be accepted as a favour conferred on your constant reader,

MUSAPHILUS.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE, on the Nativity of
our blessed Saviour, between THYRSIS and
MIRZA.

—————*Paulo majora canamus,
Jam nova Progenies Coelo dimittitur alto!*

VIRGIL, Ed. 4.

MIRZA.

O H Thyrsis! I behold thy face o'erjoy'd!
Unnumber'd terrors my repose destroy'd.
Say gentle boy!—What cause, yet unexplain'd,
Upon the frozen hills thy steps detain'd?
To what must I attribute thy delay;
Thou welcome messenger of comfort say?
Long I withstood my fears; but when dark night
Came on, and thou wert absent from my sight,
I thought thee helpless in some devious way,
To savage bears, or fiercer wolves, a prey!
Since thou art safe, with speed, dear youth, de-
clare;
Has some mischance befall'n our fleecy care?

THYRSIS.

Unhurt, within the fold, thy sportive lambs
Securely play, and drain their bleating dams.
No thieves approach, their freedom to molest,
To steal the flocks, or break the shepherd's rest:

Such

Such ills oh! MURZA, caus'd not our delay;
 Ev'n GOD himself commanded us to stay.
 Soon as the night around diffus'd her shades,
 Forth from the skies, a flood of light invades!
 To paint its lustre words would strive in vain;
 Religious horror chill'd each prostrate swain!
 Lo! from a golden cloud, a cherub broke,
 And smiling, thus in mortal accents spoke.

“ Fear not, ye shepherds! hear a friendly voice,
 “ All worlds in my glad tidings shall rejoice!
 “ At length the day is come, so long foretold
 “ By saints divine, and prophecies of old,
 “ When to the earth a healing Saviour's giv'n,
 “ The SON of GOD, and future Lord of Heav'n!
 “ The great, the glorious CHRIST, at length is
 “ shown,
 “ And born in royal DAVID's antient town!
 “ That STAR shall guide!—For sake your bleat-
 “ ing care,
 “ Go hence to Bethlem!—Seek your shepherd
 “ there!
 “ In a rude stable, the young CHILD behold,
 “ Whose limbs, as yet, the winding swaths infold,
 “ There, in a manger laid, your Saviour see!
 “ Adore him, shepherds; for that BABE is HE.”

Scarce had he said, when thro' the splendent air,
 Legions of angels round his form repair!
 Myriads of Seraphs wav'd their downy wings,
 And warbled sweetly to ten thousand strings.

Sudden their dulcet voices all conjoin'd !
 Extatic rapture overwhelm'd the mind !

God uncreate the heav'nly chorus sung,
 Th' Almighty's praises flow'd from ev'ry tongue ;
 His praise, who gave his only Son, to prove
 His boundless mercy—And amazing love !—

Rising, they chaunted :—till the countless host
 High in the heav'ns, amidst the clouds was lost :
 Yet could we hear their songs, and all around
 The floating Æther trembled with the sound !
 To Bethlem's city strait we bent our way,
 Beheld the God !—And blest the glorious day !

MIRZA.

Thy tale, O THYRSIS ! with more joy has fill'd }
 My glowing breast, than if my herds should yield }
 Threë-fold increase, and crow'd my ample field ! }
 Forever hollow'd be this sacred morn !
 God dwells on earth !—The LAMB of God is born.

An Extract from a sacred Pastoral, entitled
the GREAT SHEPHERD.

O P E N, ye heav'ns, and pour down righteousness,

And bring salvation forth, thou roseate earth !

And lo, the everlasting prince !—he comes ;
 Great, without sin ; in innocence august ;
 With all the pomp of meek humility :

Essential

Essential life and truth !—At his approach
 The rocks pour nectar, and the barren wild
 Breathes sweet with incense, and his glory sings ;
 Him sings delighted nature.—The fair heav'ns
 With his own harmony, resound his praise ;
 Their mystic dance he governs : he directs
 The flaming choirs thro' their eternal round ;
 And all their gorgeous palaces of gold
 Sustains, with adamantine columns, wrought
 In the sun's radiant mines, fluid yet firm,
 Still changing, still the same.—Him, raptur'd, sings
 The seraph, kindling in the holy flame
 Of heav'ns high altar, where the lamb of god
 Was slain before all time ; in time to bleed
 Upon the cross for man ; a man, than gold
 More precious ! person wonderful ! high branch
 Of God's eternal essence, blooming fair
 With earth's bless'd fruit ambrosial !—The great peer
 Of heav'ns almighty ! Such the covenant
 Of sworn Jehovah.—Before thee, supreme,
 Messiah, Saviour, thee, beloved son !
 Man shall rejoice with trembling ; men shall sing
 Thy wondrous generation and high deeds,
 Vindictive of thy father's throne assail'd ;
 The dragon dire by thine almighty arm,
 And rebel-host from the bright tow'rs of heav'n
 Driv'n headlong, and in chains of darkness bound
 By thee, great conqueror of death and hell.

With loftier sounds then swell the solemn song,
 Ye heav'ns ! And thou, O favour'd earth, rejoice
 Thro'

Thro' all thy meadows, and thro' all thy hills,
 Where flow thy rivers, and thy pastures spread ;
 For the GREAT SHEPHERD reigns ; his godlike care
 Shall guard the shepherds, and protect the folds,
 O, swell, ye fountains, and descending sing
 Peace to the pastures round :—Ye bleating flocks
 Cloathe the pleas'd hills with harmony :—Ye herds,
 Pour your glad lowings thro' the echoing groves :
 Ye woodlands, chaunt with the sweet breath of
 May,

Your soft aerial songs.—The rural pipe
 Its jocund notes shall join, and pastoral verse
 Of nymphs and swains responsive ; whilst with joy,
 Her milky off'rings the full heifer brings,
 And the bee hastes to waft her golden store.

AS we have once more (tho' contrary to our intentions) resumed the solemn subject of Christmas-day, through the unexpected assistance of our unknown friend and correspondent Musaphilus, we cannot prevail on ourselves to drop it, till we have obliged our readers with the few following remarks of a very learned * French nobleman, long since deceased, on the cessation of oracles, immediately subsequent to that great, that auspicious, and ever memorable event. And we are the rather induced to it, as that antient author's writings (though in reality inestimable) have long lain buried in oblivion, and are no where to be

* The Lord Mornay du Pleffis Marly.

met with at this day, but in the closets of the curious.

That great and good man (towards the conclusion of this profoundly learned, and unanswerable defence of the ever-blessed Trinity) makes the following judicious observations, which we imagine, will not only be novel to most of our readers, but be instructive likewise and entertaining.

“-Let us now see (says he) what the devils themselves have been forced to acknowledge, who (either by the assistance of the sacred scriptures, or by having been once the happy inhabitants of the realms of light) have had some insight into this important, this mysterious event. And certainly it must be no small satisfaction to observe, with what reluctance those restless, haughty, and obdurate spirits have submitted to the irresistible charms of truth.

“ Thulis, an antient proud monarch of Egypt, asked Serapis, their chief Dæmon (and conjured him by all that was sacred not to deceive him) what prince ever had been, or ever should be greater than himself?” To whom he answered,

Πρῶτα Θεὸς μετέπειτα λόγος, &c.

In English thus.

Three God Almighty fill Heav'ns awful throne,
The father sits supreme, next him, his son,
The SPIRIT last; and yet these THREE are ONE.
With speed, fond querist, from these altars fly,
Too deep, too intricate's this mystery
For you to comprehend, or be resolv'd by me.

Th'

Th' unletter'd swain, who labours all the day,
 And whistles as he works his hours away,
 Lives free from thought, from anxious sorrow free,
 Is more content, and happier far than thee.

And Apollo, when consulted to reveal the true
 Religion, returned this answer.

Μὴ ὀφείλεις πύματον, &c.

In English thus.

Unhappy priest, thy questions now forbear,
 In vain thou'lt speak; and I in vain shall hear:
 Ask me no more of HIM, who rules the skies,
 Nor of his SON, who in his bosom lies,
 Nor of that POWER, which from them both doth
 flow;

And moves, and governs all things here below.

Fain would I answer thee as heretofore,

But oh! I'm doom'd by that Almighty Pow'r,
 To quit this place, and fill this shrine no more. }

Forever now must these sad gates be shut,

And thy Apollo's tongue forever mute.

IF our courteous and good-natured readers will
 but excuse our rather too prolix conclusion of
 the OLD YEAR, we will open the NEW ONE, sans
 ceremonie, or the least apology whatsoever, with
 an ODE on the DAY (no matter how far backward)
 since it was composed by no poet Laureat, but
 (as we are credibly inform'd) by a very smart,
 dapper

happier author, who was one of the legitimate offspring and facetious sons of old mother MIDNIGHT, of immortal memory.

An ODE on the NEW YEAR. Addressed to
IANUS.

IANUS, who, with sliding pace,
Run'ſt a never-ending race,
And dr'w'ſt about in prone career,
The whirling circle of the year;
Kindly indulge a little ſtay;
I beg but one ſwift hour's delay.

O! while th' important minutes wait,
Let me revolve the books of fate;
See what the coming year intends,
To me, my country, kind and friends,
Then may'ſt thou wing thy flight, and go,
To ſcatter blindly joys and woe;
Spread dire diſeaſe, or pureſt health,
And, as thou liſt, grant place or wealth.
This hour with-held by potent charms,
Ev'n peace ſhall ſleep in pow'rs mad arms:
Kings feel their inward torments leſs,
And for a moment wiſh to bleſs.

Life now preſents another ſcene,
The ſame ſtrange farce to act again;
Again the weary human play'rs
Advance, and take their ſev'ral ſhares;
Claudius riots, Cæſar fights,
Tully pleads, and Maro writes.

Ammon's first son controuls the globe,
And Harlequin diverts the mob.

To time's dark cave the year retreats,
These hoary, unfrequented seats ;
There, from his loaded wing, he lays
The months, the minutes, hours and days ;
Then flies the seasons in his train,
To compass round the year again.

See there ! in various heaps combin'd,
The vast designs of human kind ;
Whatever swell'd the statesman's thought,
The mischiefs mad ambition wrought,
Public revenge, and hidden guilt,
The blood by secret murder spilt,
Friendships to sordid int'rest giv'n,
And ill-match'd hearts, ne'er pair'd in heav'n ;
What avarice, to crown his store,
Stole from the orphan, and the poor ;
Or luxury's more shameful waste,
Squander'd on the unthankful feast.

Ye kings, and guilty great, draw near,
Before the awful court appear ;
Bare to the Muse's piercing eye
The secrets of all mortals lie ;
She, strict avenger, brings to light
Your crimes conceal'd in darkest night ;
As conscience, to her trust most true,
Shall judge between th' oppress'd and you.
This casket shows, ye wretched train,
How often merit su'd in vain.

See !

See! there, undry'd, the widows tears;
See! there, unsooth'd, the orphans fears:
Yet look what mighty fums appear,
The vile profusion of the year.

Could'st thou not, impious greatness, give
The smallest alms that want might live?
And yet, how many a large repast
Pall'd the rich glutton's sickly taste!
One table's vain, intemperate load,
With ambush'd death, and sickness strow'd,
Had blest the cottage peaceful shade,
And giv'n its children health and bread:
The rustic fire, and faithful spouse,
With each dear pledge of honest vows,
Had, at the sober-tasted meal,
Repeated oft the grateful tale;
Had hymn'd, in native language free,
The song of thanks to heav'n and thee;
A music that the great ne'er hear,
Yet sweeter to th' internal ear,
Than any soft seducing note,
E'er trill'd from Farinelli's throat.

Let's still search on;—This bundle's large—
What's here?—Tis science plaintive charge;
Hear wisdom's philosophic sigh,
(Neglected all her treasures lie)
That none her secret haunts explore,
To learn what Plato taught before;
Her sons seduc'd to turn their parts
To flattery's more thriving arts;

Refine their better sense away,
 And join corruption's flag for pay.
 See his reward the gam'ster share,
 Who painted moral virtue fair ;
 Inspir'd the minds of gen'rous youth,
 To love the simple mistress truth ;
 The patient path distinctly show'd,
 That Rome and Greece to glory trod ;
 That self-applause is noblest fame,
 And kings may greatness link to shame ;
 While honesty is no disgrace,
 And peace can smile without a place.

Hear too astronomy repine,
 Who taught unnumber'd worlds to shine ;
 Who travels boundless Æther thro',
 And brings the distant orbs to view.
 Can she her-broken glass repair,
 Tho' av'rice has her all to spare ?
 What mighty secrets had been found,
 Could virtue but have stole five pound !
 Yet see ! where, giv'n to wealth and pride,
 A bulky pension lies beside.

Avaunt the riches !—No delay !
 I spurn th' ignoble heaps away.
 What ! tho' your charms can purchase all
 The giddy honours of this ball ;
 Can buy proud Celia's fordid smile,
 Or, ripe for fate, this distant isle :
 Tho' greatness condescends to pray,
 Will time indulge one hour's delay ;

Or

Or give the wretch, intent on pelf,
One moment's credit with himself?

Virtue, that true from false discerns,
The vulgar courtly phrase unlearns,
Superior far to fortune's frown,
Bestows alone the stable crown,
The wreath from honour's root that springs,
That fades upon the brows of kings.

To the Publisher of the Book-WORM.

S I R,

I Have herewith sent you enclosed a truly sublime Hymn of praise and thanksgiving to the great author of nature, and sole director of all things both in the heavens, and on the earth, for his paternal indulgence towards all his creatures during the year past, which I am firmly persuaded will be thought, by the generality of your readers, or such of them at least as are admirers of the Christian muse, not only an interesting and curious amusement; but as pertinent likewise to the present season as any New-Years Ode, be it ever so judiciously composed. The original composition of what I here offer you is of very antient date, and was first penned in the Hebrew language by no less a hand than King David himself, and has been ever since allowed by the best judges to be an inimitable performance; and the poetical English paraphrase, tho' much inferior to it as being uninspired, will, I doubt not in the least, stand the test of the severest critic. If, therefore your
society

society of Antiquarians shall indulge me so far as to give it a place in their Book-Worm, I have divers other fugitive pieces (which I have been collecting for many years) that are equally scarce and valuable, and highly worthy, I hope of their future acceptance. I am, your constant reader,

PHUSIPHILUS.

A PARAPHRASE on the civth PSALM, proposed to supply the Place of a NEW-YEAR'S ODE.

BEGIN, my lyre, the great Creator's praise,
Who, crown'd with glory and immortal rays,
Majestic shines; unutterably bright,
With dazzling robes of uncreated light.
Who spacious sheets of Æther spreads on high,
And, like a curtain smooth'd, unfolds the sky:
Vapours condens'd, and fleecy mists support
The ample floor of his aerial court;
Who, borne in triumph o'er the heav'nly plains,
Rides on the clouds, and holds a storm in reins,
Flies on the wings of the sonorous wind,
While light'ning glares before, and thunder roars
behind.

That no encumbering flesh may clog the flight
Of his fleet messenger, or quell their might,
Them pure, unbody'd essences he frames,
Swift of dispatch, more active than the flames.
He fix'd the steady basis of the earth,
And with one awful word gave NATURE birth,

Then

Then circling waters o'er the globe he spread,
 And the dull mass with pregnant moisture fed;
 Above the rocks th' aspiring surges swell'd,
 And floods the tallest mountain-tops conceal'd,
 But when th' almighty's voice reback'd the tide,
 And in loud thunder bid the waves subside;
 The ebbing deluge did its troops recal,
 Drew off its forces, and disclos'd the ball.
 They, at th' ETERNAL's signal, march'd away,
 To fill th' unfathom'd channel of the sea;
 Where, roaring, they in endless war engag'd,
 And beat against those shores that bound their rage.

Hence stragling waters unperceiv'd get loose,
 And genial moisture thro' the globe diffuse:
 Purling thro' porous earth, where way their lies,
 They run, and on high hills in fountains rise:
 Or, bubbling out in springs, they gently slide
 Down by the craggy mountains sloping side,
 And o'er the verdant turf along the valleys glide. }
 Till tir'd with various errors, back they come
 To their appointed, universal home;
 Which God has destin'd for the mustering-place,
 And gen'ral rendezvous of all the watry race.
 For tho' th' ALMIGHTY checks the ocean's pride,
 And in due bounds confines the raging tide;
 That it may ne'er again, with licence, roll
 O'er all the universe, and drown the ball;
 Yet nought restrains its kinder influence,
 Nor stops the blessings which its streams dispense.

By

By subterraneous sluices he conveys
 The Rivers out, which, in an endless maze,
 Thro' easy channels draw a winding train,
 And roll back large additions to the main;
 Or branching into brooks, and murm'ring rills,
 Creep thro' the vales, and shine between the hills:
 Whither the savage beasts, which roam abroad,
 Owing no master, and no fix'd abode;
 And those which under galling harness bow,
 Inur'd to pains, and patient of the plough;
 Repair, when scorch'd with Summer's scalding
 beams,
 To slake their thirst, and drink the cooling streams.
 Near which the poplar and green willows grow,
 Adorn the banks, and shade the brook below:
 Perch'd on their boughs the birds their voices raise,
 And in soft music sing their MAKER's praise:
 Who from his airy chamber rain distils,
 And with new verdure cloathes th' unsightly hills;
 The thirsty glebe refresh'd with soft'ning drops,
 Rewards the painful hind with plenteous crops.
 The teeming earth luxuriant herbage breeds,
 And flocks and herds with grassy fodder feeds:
 At his command, the SPRING, for human use,
 The birth of herbs, and healing plants renews:
 Then rip'ning fruits, and waving ears of corn,
 In SUMMER's heat the fertile fields adorn:
 Succeeding AUTUMN, from the clust'ring vine,
 Gives luscious juice, and glads the world with
 wine;

Which,

Which, with its brisk, reviving flavour, cheers
 The drooping spirit, and dispels its cares :
 Then the fat olive, in a richer soil,
 Yields the year's product, and resigns its oil ;
 Which adds a lustre, and a smooother grace,
 To wrinkled skin, and sleeks the shining face.

With circulating sap the trees are fed,
 Refresh'd with which, the cedar rears his head,
 And lofty firs their thriving branches spread :
 Which, moist'ned with invigorating juice,
 A fragrant scent thro' Lebanon diffuse.
 These to the birds convenient mansion yield,
 Which, in th' intangling boughs, their tow'ring
 houses build.

The stately stork here plants her rest on high,
 Disdains the lower air, and seeks the sky :
 The shaggy goats a hilly refuge love,
 Clamber the cliffs, and o'er bleak mountains rove.
 O'er stony rocks the sportive conies play,
 And on the ragged flints their tender offspring lay.

Appointed by his providential care
 The changing Moon divides the circling year ;
 Distinguishes the seasons, rules the night,
 And fills her dusky orb with borrow'd light.
 The SUN, with glory, fearless of decay,
 Rolls regular, and gives alternate day :
 By turns he, ent'ring, gilds the rosy east,
 By turns, with setting rays, he paints the west ;
 Then gloomy night involves the hemisphere,
 And spreads dark horrors o'er the dewy air.

Then the wild tenants of the desert woods,
Begin to move, and quit their warm abodes :
For prey the yawning bears forsake their holds,
And prouling wolves explore th' unguarded folds :
With raging hunger pinch'd, the lions roar,
Expand their jaws, and range the forest o'er ;
Dreadfully suppliant, for their meat they pray
To heav'n, and savage adoration pay :
But soon as streaks of light the east adorn,
And flying mists confess the dawning morn,
Back to their dens the rav'nous hunters speed,
With their raw booty, and at leisure feed :
But when the lion to his rest repairs,
Laborious mortals wake, and rise from theirs ;
To care and bus'ness they themselves address,
Begin with morning, and with ev'ning cease.

How various, Lord, are all thy works, which
 raise
Our admiration, and transcend our praise !
Wisely the world's great fabrick was design'd,
And boundless wisdom ev'ry atom join'd.
With thy rich bounty fill'd, the earth appears,
Which food and phyfic on its surface bears ;
And in its bowels hides a wealthier store,
Bright veins of gold, and cakes of silver ore.

Profuse of blessings, with a lavish hand
Thou pour'st thy gifts on sea as well as land.
The vast unmeasur'd kingdoms of the main,
Copious materials for thy praise contain :

There

There scaly monsters, of enormous size,
 Flounce in the waves, and dash with foam the skies;
 While shoals innumerable, and the fry
 Of smaller fish glide unregarded by :
 Others, enchas'd in shelly armour, creep
 Upon the rocks, or seek the slimy deep.
 Here, big with war, or traffic, vessels ride,
 Driv'n by the wind, and bound along the tide :
 There huge Leviathan, of cumb'rous form,
 Embroils the sea in sport, and breathes a storm ;
 He sucks the briny ocean at his gills,
 And his vast maw with finny nations fills ;
 Then laves the clouds with salt-ascending rain,
 And with his spouting trunk refunds the main.

These all dependent on his bounty live,
 And from his providence their meat receive.
 His open'd hand profusely scatters food,
 Which pleas'd, they gather, and are fill'd with good :
 But when his hand is shut, the creatures mourn,
 Till his withdrawn beneficence return.

When his command puts out their vital flame,
 They moulder to the dust from whence they came.
 Then to repair the loss, sustain'd by death,
 He gives new life, with his inspiring breath,
 To forms, which from the vast material mass
 Are still wrought off, and so renews the race.
 Thus a successive offspring he supplies,
 And th' undecaying species never dies.

No bounds th' ALMIGHTY'S glory can restrain,
 Nor times dimensions terminate his reign.

From his bright regions of celestial day,
 He with complacence shall his works survey.
 At his reproof convulsive nature shakes,
 And shudd'ring earth from its foundation quakes;
 His awful touch the quiv'ring mountains rends,
 And curling smoke in spicy clouds ascends.
 For me, while unextinguished life maintains
 Heat in my blood, and pulses in my veins,
 His wond'rous works shall be my copious theme,
 And ev'ry string shall learn th' eternal name :
 While secret sinners by degrees decay,
 And swift destruction sweeps the proud away ;
 His praise shall my transported soul inspire,
 And hollow'd raptures sanctify the lyre.

Chichester, Jan. 10, 1758.

To the Publisher of the Book-Worm.

S I R,

I Am not only a Bookseller by profession, but have kept a circulating library in this populous city for some years. As such, you know, I am indispensibly obliged to purchase all the Magazines, and indeed almost all the periodical Pamphlets that are exhibited to the public from time to time in your grand metropolis. And amongst the rest, I have taken in your Book-worm from its commencement to this day ; and I can assure you, I have no occasion to complain of the sale I have hitherto had for it. However, to deal ingenuously with you, though the generality of our gentry here

here think your plan praise-worthy enough; yet, say they, it is too narrow and contracted, and does not abound with that pleasing variety, which they at first expected. Besides, *entre nous*, I must farther tell you, that the gayer part of my country readers say, you have dwelt unmercifully long on your religious subjects; tho' they acknowledge, at the same time, that they are properly adapted to the solemnity of the season. They hope, however, that your Antiquarians will forthwith turn the stream into a new channel, and exhibit a greater variety of humorous and chearful amusements, such as novels, history-pieces, and now and then an old, scarce ballad, that is not to be met with in any of our modern collections; for otherwise they shall be tempted to drop their subscriptions.—Thus stands the case of your Work in the country, where your divine poems are but too little regarded.—What the sentiments of your London-subscribers may be, I cannot possibly determine.—I have only taken the liberty of giving your society a HINT; and if they think proper to embrace it, I shall be pleased; if not, it will be no farther material to me, than that I should be sorry to lose any of the customers I have already procured, and be proud of promoting your Undertaking as far as in me lies.

I am with truth and sincerity, your unknown friend, and well-wisher,

WELDRICK JAQUEZ.

As we are ready, and willing to believe, that the intentions of our country-correspondent are perfectly sincere, we shall endeavour, in the prosecution of this Undertaking, in some measure to hearken to his advice; and, if possible, oblige
both

both him and his customers, as well as our own. We must ingenuously acknowledge, that we have several other angry letters by us, on the same occasion, from the fair sex, as well as from our chapman. One of these, who signs herself Amanda, asks us, whether we are fools enough to imagine, that the gay, the young, the fair, and polite, will trouble themselves to read a pack of Psalms, however beautifully paraphrased. Such amusements, indeed, may serve for a set of Antiquarians, like yourselves, but nobody else : and concludes, that unless we introduce some love-stories, love-letters, and female fables ; some gay epigrams, similies, and facetious dialogues, she, for her part, will withdraw her subscription, and so will the rest of her female acquaintance.— But, &c.

We think ourselves obliged to this our female correspondent, for her compassionate BUT at the conclusion.

To all these menaces from our subscribers on all hands, we have this only to say for ourselves, “ That it is impossible to please every body ;” and in order to please, if possible, we shall produce a cheerful little *Æsopian Tale*, to confirm the justice of our maxim beyond all contradiction.

The OLD MAN and his Ass.

ONCE upon a time, a good-natured old fellow, who had an ass to sell, took his son with him, a youth of about thirteen ; and those two drove his ass before them to the next town, where there was a market ; “ Why, are you not a couple of sorry blockheads, (says the first man they

“ they met) to let your afs march in ffate before
“ you, and go on foot yourselves.”

The old fellow, upon this reproof, fet his fon upon the afs ;—“ Sirrah, (fays the next man that
“ came by) you’ll soon come to the gallows ;
“ what ! you ungracious, young dog, must you
“ ride with a pox to you ! and make your antient
“ father walk after you !”

The old fellow, upon this, ordered his fon to difmount, and got upon the afs himself :—“ Why,
“ you hard-hearted old rogue, you, (fays an honest woman, that was going to market) what !
“ must your fat carcase be carried, while the poor
“ child there is up to his knees in the dirt, and
“ can scarce pull his little legs after him.”

The old man, upon this, took his fon up behind him :—“ Hark ye, old fellow, (fays a farmer
“ that met him immediately after) prithee, let me
“ ask you one question ;—Is that afs your own ?
“ —Yes it is, fays the old man ;—By my troth,
“ fays the farmer, one would hardly think fo, by
“ your loading him at that unmerciful rate :—
“ What ! two lubberly boobies upon one poor afs !

The good-natured old fellow was now at a non-plus what to do : he had a mind to please all his neighbours ; and yet found that he must neither drive his afs before him, nor ride upon him himself, nor let his fon ride upon him, nor take the boy up behind him.

He could think, therefore, but of one method more to give content, and that was to tye the asses legs together with a cord, and for himself and his fon to carry him with a pole upon their shoulders betwixt them.

This design, (though not without a great deal
of

(double) he at last made a shift to put in execution.

They were now come to the town, and lugging along their aſs in this manner over a bridge, which led into the market-place, — The people at ſuch an unuſual ſight, ſet up a general ſhout.

The old fellow, with all his patience and good nature, unable to ſupport this laſt affront, threw his aſs in a paſſion over the bridge into the river; and then went home again about his buſineſs.

A MEMORABLE SONG on the unhappy HUNTING in Chevy-Chace, between Earl Piercy of ENGLAND, and Earl Douglas of SCOTLAND.

The INTRODUCTION.

IT would be a very difficult matter to ſay, whether the partiality of our Poet towards the Engliſh, or that of Buchanan, in the account he gives us of this part of hiſtory towards the Scots, be greater. The former brings but fifteen hundred Engliſh-men into the field, againſt two thouſand Scots; yet makes his country-men ſtand their ground with fifty-three; whiſt their enemies fly with fifty-five. The other aſſerts, that in the actions which gave birth to this ſong, the Engliſh army was far ſuperior in number; yet were there ſlain of them, in that battle, eighteen hundred and forty, about a thouſand wounded, and a thouſand and forty taken priſoners. On the other hand, the ſame hiſtorian ſays, there were a hundred Scots ſlain, and two hundred taken priſoners; occasioned

occasioned by a few, in pursuit, following a greater number of their enemies.

Our Poet thought it would be an affront to his country-men, to suppose, that the Scots would so much as think of coming to attack the English in their own kingdom, as in effect they did; and therefore he makes earl Piercy enter Scotland, and hunt in the liberties of earl Douglas.—The fact of it is thus.—

When king Robert the second reigned in Scotland, and king Richard the second in England, the Scots, taking advantage of our intestine troubles, resolved to make an incursion into the northern parts of this kingdom, to carry off what booty they could. To this end, they raised an army, divided it into different bodies, and gave the command of a very considerable one to James, earl Douglas, who immediately entered Northumberland, and directly made up towards Newcastle.—Henry Piercy, earl of Northumberland, a popular, rich, and powerful man, not only in that, but in the neighbouring counties, raised as many as the little time he had would permit, and marched against Douglas. Several skirmishes were fought near Newcastle, which at length ended in a duel between the two generals, and in which, Buchanan tells us, “Piercy was unhorsed, and had his spear taken from him.”—Be that as it may; Douglas did not long enjoy his victory; for retiring the next morning, Piercy pursued, and overtook him; and the battle was fought, which gave rise to this song, and in which earl Douglas was slain, and earl Piercy taken prisoner.—The battle of Homeldon, or, as our Poet calls it, Humble-down, was not fought till under the next reign, when king Henry

the IVth, and king Robert the III^d, sway'd the
sceptres of the two kingdoms.

The ballad itself was written, when the dissen-
sion of the barons (who behaved like so many ab-
solute princes) made our nation the perpetual seat
of civil war: and the design of the Poet was, to
shew the miseries that attend such unhappy divi-
sions; and this may very well excuse him for de-
parting, as much as he has done, from history;
and making that which was a national difference,
a private quarrel.

We shall not here point out the particular beau-
ties of this song ourselves; but shall oblige our
readers with the inimitable Mr. Addison's Criticism
upon it (by way of annotations) in which he proves,
that almost every line of it is written with a true
spirit of poetry.

Nor is this song esteemed barely because that
great man has recommended it; for, in all ages,
it has justly been admired.

In sir PHILIP SIDNEY's Discourse of Poetry, we
find the following passage. "I never heard the
"old song of Piercy and Douglas, that I found
"not my heart more moved, than with a trum-
"pet; and yet is sung by some blind Crowder,
"with no rougher a voice, than rude stile; which
"being so evil apparelled in the dust and cobweb
"of that uncivil age, what would it work, trim-
"med in the gorgeous eloquence of PINDAR?"
And Ben Johnson used to say, "that he had rather
"have been the author of it, than of all his
"Works."

The

The S O N G.

II.

GOD prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all;
A woful hunting once there did
In Chevy Chace befall.

II.

To drive the deer, with hound and horn,
Earl Piercy took his way;
The child may rue, that is unborn,
The hunting of that day.

III.

The stout earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods,
Three Summer's days to take;

IV.

The chiefeft harts in Chevy Chace
To kill and bear away:
The tidings to earl Douglas came,
In Scotland, where he lay.

V.

Who sent earl Piercy present word,
He would prevent his sport;
The English earl not fearing this,
Did to the woods resort,

VI.

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need,
To aim their shafts aright.

VII.

The gallant grey-hounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow-deer;

On Monday they began to hunt,
When day-light did appear :

VIII.

And long before high noon, they had
An hundred fat bucks slain ;
Then having din'd, the drovers went
To rouse them up again.

IX.

The bowmen muster'd on the hills,
Well able to endure ;
Their backsides all, with special care,
That day were guarded sure.

X.

The hounds ran swiftly thro' the woods,
The nimble deer to take,
And with their cries, the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

XI.

Lord Piercy to the quarry went,
To view the tender deer ;
Quoth he, earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me here.

XII.

If that I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay.
With that, a brave young gentleman,
Thus to the earl did say :

XIII.

Lo ! yonder doth earl Douglas come ;
His Men in armour bright ;
Full twenty hundred Scottish peers,
All marching in our fight ;

XIV.

All men of pleasant Tivendale,
Fast by the river Tweed ;

Then

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Then cease your sport, earl Piercy said,
And take your bows with speed.

XV.

And now, with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For never was there champion yet,
In Scotland, or in France,

XVI.

That ever did on horseback come;
But since my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear.

XVII.

Earl Douglas, on a milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

XVIII.

Shew me, he said, whose men ye be,
That hunt so boldly here;
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deer?

XIX.

The man that first did answer make,
Was noble Piercy, he;
Who said, we list not to declare,
Nor shew whose men we be:

XX.

Yet we will spend our dearest blood,
Thy chiefest hart to slay;
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say.

XXI.

E'er thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall die:

I know

74 The BOOK-WORM:

I know thee well, an earl thou art,
Lord Piercy, so am I.

XXII.

But trust me Piercy, pity 'twere,
And great offence to kill
Any of these our harmless men;
For they have done no ill.

XXIII.

Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside;
Accurs'd be he, lord Piercy said,
By whom this is deny'd.

XXIV.

Then stept a gallant squire forth,
Withrington was his name;
Who said, I would not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

XXV.

That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on;
You be two earls, said Withrington,
And I a squire alone.

XXVI.

I'll do the best, that do I may,
While I have power to stand;
While I have pow'r to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand.

XXVII.

Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full threescore Scots they slew.

XXVIII.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl Douglas had the bent,

A captain mov'd with mickle pride,
The spears to shivers sent.

XXIX.

They clos'd full fast on ev'ry side,
No slackness there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman,
Lay gasping on the ground.

XXX.

O, Christ! it was a grief to see,
And likewise for to hear,
The cries of men, lying in their gore,
And scatter'd here and there.

XXXI.

At last these two stout earls did meet,
Like captains of great might;
Like lions mov'd, they laid on load,
And made a cruel fight.

XXXII.

They fought, until they both did sweat,
With swords of temper'd steel,
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

XXXIII.

Yield thee, lord Piercy, Douglas said,
In faith I will thee bring,
Where thou shalt high advanced be,
By James, our Scottish king.

XXXIV.

Thy ransom I will freely give,
And thus report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight,
That ever I did see.

XXXV.

To Douglas, quoth earl Piercy, then,
Thy proffer I do scorn;

baA

I will

I will not yield to any Scot,
That ever yet was born.

XXXVI.

With that there came an arrow keen,
Out of an English bow,
Which struck earl Douglas to the heart,
A deep, and deadly blow:

XXXVII.

Who never spoke more words than these;
Fight on my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end;
Lord Piercy sees my fall.

XXXVIII.

Then leaving life, earl Piercy took,
The dead man by the hand;
And said, earl Douglas, for thy sake,
Would I had lost my land!

XXXIX.

O Christ! my very heart doth bleed,
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure a more renowned knight,
Misfortune did never take.

XL.

A knight amongst the Scots, there was,
Who saw earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge,
Upon the earl Piercy.

XLI.

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd,
Who with a spear most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely thro' the fight;

XLII.

And pass'd the English archers all,
Without all dread or fear;

And

And thro' earl Piercy's body then,
He thrust his hateful spear;

XLIII.

With such a vehement force and might,
He did his body gore,
The spear went through the other side,
A large cloth-yard, and more.

XLIV.

So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain;
An English archer then perceiv'd
The noble earl was slain:

XLV.

He had a bow, bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree,
An arrow of a cloth-yard long,
Up to the head, drew he:

XLVI.

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery,
So right his shafts he set,
The grey-goose wing, that was thereon,
In his heart's blood was wet.

XLVII.

This fight did last from break of day,
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the ev'ning bell,
The battle scarce was done.

XLVIII.

With the earl Piercy, there was slain,
Sir John of Ogerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold baron.

XLIX.

And with Sir George. and good Sir James,
Both knights of good account,

A a

Good

Good Sir Ralph Rabby there was slain,
Whole prowess did surmount.

L.

For Withrington needs must I wail,
As one in doleful dumps,
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps.

LI.

And with earl Douglas there was slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery ;
Sir Charles Currel, that from the field,
One foot would never fly.

LII.

Sir Charles Murrel, of Ratcliff, too,
His sister's son was he ;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
They could not saved be.

LIII.

And the lord Maxwell in likewise,
Did with earl Douglas die :
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

LIV.

Of fifteen hundred English men,
Went home but fifty-three ;
The rest were slain in Chevy-Chace,
Under the green-wood tree.

LV.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail ;
They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

LVI.

Their bodies, bath'd in purple blood,
They bore with them away ;

They

They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,
When they were clad in clay.

LVII.

This news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain ;

LVIII.

O, heavy news ! king James did say,
Scotland can witness be,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he.

LIX.

Like tidings to king Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Piercy of Northumberland,
Was slain in Chevy-Chace.

LX.

Now, God be with him ! said our king,
Sith 'twill no better be ;
I trust I have within my realm,
Five hundred as good as he :

LXI.

Yet shall not Scot, or Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take ;
And be revenged on them all,
For brave earl Piercy's sake.

LXII.

This vow full well the king perform'd
After, on Humble-down ;
In one day fifty knights were slain,
With lords of great renown.

LXIII.

And of the rest of small account,
Did many thousands die :

Thus ended the hunting of Chevy-Chace,
Made by the earl Piercy.

LXIV.

God save the king, and save the land
In plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth, that foul debate
Twixt noblemen may cease.

*An Extract from the SPECTATOR, No. 70.
Containing a Part of the great Mr. Addison's
Criticism on the Song above recited.*

Interdum Vulgus rectum videt. HOR.

WHEN I travelled, I took a particular delight in hearing the songs and fables that are come from father to son, and are most in vogue among the common people of the countries through which I passed; for it is impossible that any thing should be universally tasted and approved by a multitude, tho' they are only the rabble of a nation, which hath not in it some peculiar aptness to please and gratify the mind of man. Human nature is the same in all reasonable creatures; and whatever falls in with it, will meet with admirers amongst readers of all qualities and conditions. Moliere (as we are told by Monsieur Boileau, used to read all his comedies to an old woman, who was his house-keeper, as she sat with him at her work by the chimney-corner; and could foretel the success of his play in the theatre, from the reception it met at his fire-side: for he tells us, the audience always followed the old woman, and never failed to laugh in the same place.

I know nothing which more shews the essential and inherent affection of simplicity of thought,

above that which I call the Gothic manner of writing, than this, that the first pleases all kinds of palates, and the latter, only such as have formed to themselves a wrong, artificial taste upon little fanciful authors, and writers of epigram. Homer, Virgil, or Milton, so far as the language of their poems is understood, will please a reader of plain common sense, who would neither relish, nor comprehend an epigram of Martial, or a poem of Cowley; so, on the contrary, an ordinary song, or ballad, that is the delight of the common people, cannot fail to please all such readers as are not unqualified for the entertainment, by their affectation or ignorance; and the reason is plain, because the same paintings of nature, which recommend it to the most ordinary reader, will appear beautiful to the most refined.

The old song of Chevy-Chace is the favourite ballad of the common people of England; and for my own part, I am so professed an admirer of that antiquated song, that I shall give my reader a critick upon it, without any farther apology for so doing.

The greatest modern criticks have laid it down as a rule, that an heroic poem should be founded upon some important precept of morality, adapted to the constitution of the country in which the Poet writes. Homer and Virgil have formed their plans in this view. As Greece was a collection of many governments, who suffered very much among themselves, and gave the Persian emperor, who was their common enemy, many advantages over them, by their mutual jealousies and animosities; Homer, in order to establish among them an union, which was so necessary for their safety,

safety, grounds his poem upon the discords of the several Grecian princes, who were engaged in a confederacy against an Asiatic prince, and the several advantages which the enemy gained by such their discords. At the time the poem now treating of was written, the dissensions of the barons, who were then so many petty princes, ran very high, whether they quarrelled among themselves, or with their neighbours, and produced unspeakable calamities to the country. The Poet, to deter men from such unnatural contentions, describes a bloody battle, and dreadful scene of death, occasioned by the mutual feuds which reigned in the families of an English and Scotch nobleman. That he designed this for the instruction of his Poem, we may learn from his four last lines, in which, after the example of the modern tragedians, he draws from it a precept, for the benefit of his readers.

[God save the king, see stanza LXIV.]

The next point observed by the greatest heroic Poets hath been to celebrate persons and actions which do honour to their country: thus Virgil's hero was the founder of Rome, Homer's a prince of Greece; and for this reason, Valerius Flaccus and Statius, who were both Romans, might be justly derided for having chosen the expedition of the Golden Fleece, and the wars of Thebes, for the subjects of their epic writings.

The Poet before us has not only found out an hero in his own country, but raises the reputation of it by several beautiful incidents. The English are the first who take the field, and the last who quit it. The English bring only fifteen hundred to the battle, the Scotch two thousand. The English

English keep the field with fifty-three: the Scotch retire with fifty-five: all the rest on each side being slain in battle. But the most remarkable circumstance of this kind is, the different manner in which the Scotch and English kings receive the news of this fight, and of the great mens deaths who commanded in it.

[The news was brought, &c. see stanza LVII. to LXI. inclus.]

At the same time that our Poet shews a laudable partiality to his countrymen, he represents the Scots after a manner not unbecoming so bold and brave a people.

[Earl Douglas, &c. see stanza XVII. only.]

His sentiments and actions are every way suitable to an hero. One of us two, (says he) must die: I am an earl, as well as yourself; so that you can have no pretence for refusing the combat. However, says he, 'tis pity, and indeed would be a sin, that so many innocent men should perish for our sakes; rather let you and I end our quarrel in single fight.

[E'er thus, &c. see stanza XXI. to XXIV. incl.]

When these brave men had distinguished themselves in the battle, and in single combat with each other, in the midst of a generous party, full of heroic sentiments, the Scotch earl falls; and with his dying words encourages his men to revenge his death, representing to them, as the most bitter circumstance of it, that his rival saw him fall.

[With

[With that there came, &c. see stanza XXXVI.
and XXXVII.]

Merry men, in the language of those times, is no more than a chearful word for companions and fellow-soldiers. A passage in the eleventh book of Virgil's *Æneids* is very much to be admired, where Camilla, in her last agonies, instead of weeping over the wound she had received, as one might have expected from a warrior of her sex, considers only (like the hero of whom we are now speaking) how the battle should be continued after her death.

Tum sic expirans, &c.

A gath'ring mist o'erclouds her chearful eyes ;
And from her cheeks the rosie colour flies :
Then turns to her, whom, of her female train,
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain.
Acca, 'tis past !—He swims before my sight,
Inexorable death ; and claims his right.
Bear my last words to Turnus, fly with speed,
And bid him timely to my charge succeed :
Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve :
Farewel!————

Turnus did not die in so heroic a manner ; tho' our Poet seems to have had his eye upon Turnus's speech in the last verse,

Lord Piercy sees my fall.

——*Vicisti, & victum tendere palmas*
Ausonii videre————

Earl Piercy's lamentation over his enemy is generous, beautiful, and passionate ; I must only caution the reader not to let the simplicity of the
style

stile, which one may well pardon in so old a poet, prejudice him against the greatness of the thought.

[Then leaving life, &c. see stanza XXXVIII. and XXXIX.]

That beautiful line "Taking the dead Man by the hand" will put the reader in mind of Æneas's behaviour towards Lausus, whom he himself had slain, as he came to the rescue of his aged father.

At vero, &c.

The pious prince beheld young Lausus dead;
He griev'd; he wept; then grasp'd his hand, and
said,
Poor hapless youth!—What praises can be paid
To worth so great?—

Mr. Addison's Criticism on the preceding old Song concluded, in No. 74.

AFTER a short preamble, I come now to shew, says he, that the sentiments in that ballad are extremely natural and poetical, and full of that majestic simplicity which we admire in the greatest of the antient Poets: for which reason, I shall quote several passages of it, in which the thought is altogether the same with what we meet in several passages of the Æneid; not that I would infer from thence, that the Poet (whoever he was) proposed to himself any imitation of those passages, but that he was directed to them in general, by the same kind of poetical genius, and by the same copyings after nature.

Had this old song been filled with epigrammatical turns and points of wit, it might perhaps have

pleased the wrong taste of some readers ; but it would never have become the delight of the common people, nor have warmed the heart of Sir Philip Sydney, like the sound of a trumpet ; it is only nature that can have this effect, and please those tastes, which are the most unprejudiced, or the most refined. I must, however, beg leave to dissent from the opinion of so great an authority as that of Sir Philip Sydney, in the judgment which he has passed, as to the rude stile and evil apparel of this antiquated song ; for there are several parts in it, where not only the thought, but the language is majestic, and the numbers sonorous ; at least, the Apparel is much more gorgeous than many of the Poets made use of in queen Elizabeth's time ; as the reader will see in several of the following quotations.

What can be greater than either the thought, or the expression of the very second stanza ?

This way of considering the misfortunes which this battle would bring upon posterity, not only on those who were born immediately after the battle, and lost their fathers in it ; but on those also who perished in future battles, which took their rise from this quarrel of the two earls, is wonderfully beautiful, and conformable to the way of thinking among the antient Poets.

*Audiet pugnæ Vitio parentum
Rara juvenus.*

—HOR.

What can be more sounding and poetical, or resemble more the majestic simplicity of the antients, than the 3d, 5th, and the 9th stanzas ?

—Vocat

—*Vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum :
Et vox, assensu nemorum, ingeminata remugit.*

[Lo ! yonder, &c. see stanza XIII. and XIV.]

The country of the Scotch warriors described in the 13th stanza, has a fine romantic situation, and affords a couple of smooth words for verse.—If the reader compares the immediately preceding stanzas with the following Latin verses, he will see how much they are written in the spirit of Virgil.

*Adversi campo apparent, hastasque reductis
Protendunt longè dextris ; & spicula vibrant :
Quique altum Præneste viri, quique arva Gabinae
Junonis, gelidamque Anienem, & roscida rivis
Hernica saxa colunt :—qui rosea rura Velini,
Qui tetricæ borrentes rupes, montemque Severum,
Casperiumque colunt, Forulosque & flumen Himellæ ;
Qui Tiberim Fabarimque bibunt.—*

But to proceed to the 16th stanza.

*Turnus ut antevolans tardum precesserat Agmen, &c.
Vidisti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in Armis
Aureus.—*

[Our English Archers, &c. see stanza XXVII.]

[And they clos'd full fast, &c. see stanza XXIX.]

[With that there came, &c. see stanza XXXVI.]

Æneas was wounded after the same manner, by an unknown hand, in the midst of a parly.

*Has inter voces, uedia inter talia verba,
Ecce Viro stridens alis allapsa sagitta est,
Incertum quâ pulsa manu.—*

But of all the descriptive parts of this song, there are none more beautiful than the stanzas XLIII. XLIV. XLV. and XLVI. which have a great force and spirit in them, and are filled with very natural circumstances. The thought in the XLVth. was never touched by any other poet, and is such an one as would have shined in Homer or in Virgil.

One may observe, likewise, that in the catalogue of the slain, the author has followed the example of the greatest antient poets, not only in giving a long list of the dead, but in diversifying it with little characters of particular persons.

[And with earl Douglas, &c. see stanza LI. and LII.]

The familiar sound in these names destroys the majesty of the description; for this reason I do not mention this part of the poem, but to shew the natural cast of thought which appears in it, as the two last lines on the last stanza, look almost like a translation of Virgil.

—*Cadit & Ripheus justissimus unus,
Qui fuit in Teucris & servantissimus æqui,
Diis aliter visum est*—

In the catalogue of the English who fell, Witherington's behaviour is in the same manner particularized very artfully, as the reader is prepared for it, by that account which is given of him in the beginning of the battle; and tho' I am satisfied your little buffoon readers (who have seen that passage ridiculed in Hudibras) will not be able to take the beauty of it: for which reason, I dare not so much as quote it.

[Then slept, &c. see stanza XXIV. and XXV.]

We meet with the same heroic sentiment in Virgil.

*Non pudet, Rutuli, cunctis pro talibus unam
Obiectare animam? Numerone an Viribus æqui
Non sumus? —————*

What can be more natural or moving than the circumstances in which he describes the behaviour of those women who had lost their husbands on this fatal day?

[Next day, &c. see stanza LV. and LVI.]

Thus we see how the thoughts of this poem, which naturally arise from the subject, are always simple, and sometimes exquisitely noble; that the language is often very sounding, and that the whole is written with a true poetical spirit.

If this song had been written in the Gothic manner, which is the delight of all our little wits, whether writers or readers, it would not have hit the taste of so many ages, and have pleased the readers of all ranks and conditions. I shall only beg pardon for such a profusion of Latin quotations; which I should not have made use of, but that I feared my own judgment would have looked too singular on such a subject, had not I supported it by the practice and authority of Virgil.

To the Publisher of the PHŒNIX.

S I R,

THOU' you have publicly declared (it is true) that you will admit of no tract that favours in the least of party or personal reflection; yet, as there

there is an act of parliament, which enjoins the observation of the 30th of this month, as a solemn Fast, in which there are these * words, (among many others of much the same import and effect) namely, "The horrid and execrable murder, committed by a party of wretched men, desperately wicked, and hardened in their impiety.—That impious fact, that execrable murder, and most unparalleled treason. — A few miscreants, who were as far from being true protestants, as true subjects, &c." — I humbly conceive, that the detestable rebellion against his most sacred Majesty King Charles the first, and the atrocious murder of him in form soon afterwards, cannot be painted in colours too black, nor represented in a too odious light. Should you reprint, therefore, the enclosed extract from a sermon, preached, near thirty years since, before the then lord mayor and sheriffs of London and Middlesex, with universal approbation, I cannot see how you can with justice be charged with any breach of your promise; but, on the other hand, as I perceive, by the steps you have all along taken, that you make your remarks upon all the most memorable occurrences of the season, an omission of this most savage and inhuman event, this most barbarous and execrable murder, would be construed, by the generality of your readers, as a voluntary act of the most flagrant prejudice and prepossession, and induce them to censure you, as one amongst the number of those, who have the assurance to insinuate, that the solemn fast of this day will one time or other be entirely abolished. I hope, however, better things of you, and that your principles are better settled. Your compliance, therefore, with

* Stat. xii. Car. II. Cap. xxx.

with reprinting the abovementioned extract, will not only convince the public of your impartiality, but oblige all such of your subscribers as are loyalists, and true lovers of their country. I am, with all due respect, Sir, your constant reader,

C. R.

A succinct Account of the most inhuman and execrable Murder of his late most sacred Majesty, King Charles the first, of immortal Memory.

THO' this detestable Parricide has not only been palliated by some, but too openly avowed and vindicated by others, to the great shame and reproach of our country; yet as it was such an execrable crime as is never to be forgotten, nor without the sincerest repentance will ever be forgiven, it might reasonably be expected, that some most dreadful calamity should soon attend a nation, that could be guilty, not only of shedding innocent blood, but the blood of the Lord's Anointed; for his most sacred Majesty was, beyond all contradiction, perfectly innocent of the high crimes and misdemeanors laid to his charge; and those inhuman miscreants, who accused him, were themselves the criminals.

Some things, it must be acknowledged, indeed, had been done amiss on his part; but if his ministers took some unjustifiable measures, (I say, his ministers, because they alone were accountable) yet, was there not ample reparation, and satisfaction made for them long, before the war and rebellion broke out against him? Were ever such concessions made by any king to his subjects?—There were, indeed, far more made than were
reason-

reasonable.—And had they not been made, we had never, in all probability, seen the dismal solemnity of this day. For had he not put so much power into their hands, they had never had power enough to destroy him. But after this, did not their unsufferable encroachments upon him make it plain, that they even then intended to unking him, if not to murder him? And yet, after all this, he must be accused of levying war against his people; whereas, if there be any such thing as right and wrong, and common-sense in the world, they were the aggressors, and he stood wholly upon the defensive. They, who charged him with tyranny, of which he was innocent, were tyrants themselves, as well as rebels.

But this excellent prince died a martyr, not only for the crown and the church, but even for the rights and liberties of the people; a glorious, royal Martyr; and so much the more glorious, because royal: for there is no doubt but that such a death deserves more honour and reward in a king, than in a private person; and because he wore an imperial crown in this world, he will, doubtless, for that reason, wear a more illustrious one of glory and martyrdom in the next. And indeed, no one upon the whole, could better deserve it; for (as a certain noble historian assures us) “He was the
“worthiest gentleman, the best master, the best
“friend, the best husband, the best father, and
“the best christian, that the age in which he
“lived produced.”

The Picture of his late most Sacred Majesty, King Charles the first, of ever blessed Memory, as drawn at full length, and delivered from the Pulpit, by that divine Speaker, the universally admired Dr. South.

HE was a king; and what is more, such a king, not chosen, but born to be so; that is, not owing his kingdom to the vogue of the populace, but to the suffrage of nature. He was a David, a saint, a king, but never a shepherd. Some of all the royal blood in Christendom ran in his veins, that is to say, many kings went to the making of this one.

And his improvement and education fell no ways below his extraction. He was accurate in all the recommending excellencies of human accomplishments, able to deserve, had he not inherited a kingdom; of so controuling a genius, that in every science he attempted, he did not so much study as reign; and appeared not only a proficient, but a prince. And to go no farther for a testimony, let his own writings witness so much, which speak him no less an author, than a monarch; composed with such an unfailing accuracy, such a commanding, majestic pathos, as if they had been wrote, not with a pen, but with a sceptre.

At the council-board, he had the ability still to give himself the best council, but the unhappy modesty to diffide in it; indeed his only fault; for modesty is a paradox in majesty, and humility a solecism in supremacy.

Look we next upon his piety and unparalleled
C c virtues;

virtues ; tho' without an absurdity, I may affirm, that his very endowments of nature were supernatural. So pious was he, that had others measured his obedience to him, by his obedience to God, he had been the most absolute monarch in the world ; as eminent for frequenting the temple, as Solomon for building one. No occasions ever interfered with his devotions, nor business of state ate out his attendance in the church. So firm to the protestant cause, tho' he conversed in the midst of temptation, in the very bosom of Spain ; and tho' France lay in his ; yet nothing could alter him, but that he espoused the cause of religion, even more than his beloved queen.

He every way filled the title, under which we prayed for him. He could defend his religion as a king, dispute for it as a divine, and die for it as a martyr.

He was so skilled in all controversies, that we may well stile him in all causes ecclesiastical, not only supreme governor, but moderator ; nor more fit to fill the throne than the chair ; and withal so exact an observer, and royal a rewarder of all such performances, that it was an encouragement to a man to be a divine under such a prince.

Which eminent piety of his, was set off with the whole train of moral virtues. His temperance was so great and impregnable, amidst all those allurements, with which the courts of kings are apt to melt even the most stoical and resolved minds, that he did, at the same time, both teach and upbraid the court ; insomuch, that it was not so much their own vice, as his example, that rendered their debauchery inexcusable.

Look over the whole list of our kings, and take
in

in the kings of Israel to boot, and whoever kept the bond of conjugal affection so inviolate? David was chiefly eminent for repenting in this matter; Charles, for not needing repentance. None were ever of greater fortitude of mind, which was more resplendent in the conquest of himself, and in those remarkable instances of passive valour, than if he had strewed the field with all the armies of the rebels, and to the justness of his own cause, joined the success of theirs; and yet withal so meek, so gentle, so merciful, and that even to a cruelty to himself, that if ever the lion and the lamb dwelt together, if ever courage and meekness united, it was in the breast of this royal person.

And these his personal virtues shed a suitable influence upon his government. For the space of seventeen years, the peace, plenty, and honour of the English, spread itself even to the envy of all the neighbour-nations; and when that plenty had pampered them into such an unruliness and rebellion, as soon after followed; yet still the justness of his government, left them at a loss for an occasion; till at length their ship-money was pitched upon, as fit to be reformed into excise and taxes, and the burden of the subject to be took off by plunders and sequestrations.

The king now, to scatter that cloud, which began to gather, and look black both upon church and state, made those condescensions to their impudent petitions, that they had scarce any thing to make war for, but what was granted them already; and having thus stripped himself of his prerogative, he made it clear to the world, that there was nothing left them to fight for, but only his life. Afterwards,

in the prosecution of this war, what overtures did he make for peace? Nay, when he had his sword in his hand, his armies about him, and a cause to justify him before God and man, how did he chuse to compound himself into nothing, to depose and unking himself, by their hard, unconscionable, and inhuman conditions?—But all was nothing; he might as well compliment a mastiff, or court a tyger, as think to win those, who were now hardened in blood, and thorough-paced in rebellion. The truth is, his conscience uncrowned him, as having a mind too pure and delicate, to admit of those maxims and practices of state, that usually make princes great and successful.

Having thus with a new, unheard of sort of loyalty, fought against and conquered him, they commit him to prison, which, in regard to kings, is but a small distance from the grave.

But to finish this poor, imperfect description, tho' tis of a person so renowned, that he neither needs the best, nor can be injured by the worst; yet, in short, he was a prince, whose virtues were as prodigious as his sufferings; a true *Pater Patriæ*, a father of his country.

And yet, this the most innocent of men, and the best of kings, so pious and virtuous, so learned and judicious, so merciful and obliging, was rebelled against, driven out of his own house, pursued like a partridge upon the mountains, and like an exile, in his own dominions, inhumanely imprisoned, and at length, for a catastrophe of all, most barbarously murdered; which was the blackest fact the sun ever saw, since he hid his face upon the crucifixion of our Saviour.

AS we must frankly acknowledge, that several of our friends and subscribers have lately complained (tho' we humbly conceive with rather too much severity) that some parts of our moral Miscellany have been too tedious and prolix; and others too religious and sublime for common readers; (tho' we hope introduced with great propriety, considering the solemnity of the season) we have determined, upon mature deliberation, to alter, in some measure, our plan, in the farther prosecution of this our undertaking, and to furnish our readers with such food for the mind, as shall be more light and easy of digestion, tho' in reality less solid and substantial. And in order to please as many as possibly we can, since 'tis impossible (as we have hinted before) to hit every taste, our complements for the future shall consist of a greater variety of little fugitive pieces, than hitherto they have done; such as, short antient stories, with humorous ballads grounded upon them; tales, fables, visions, characters, descriptions, merry songs and catches, epigrams, epitaphs, and diverting similes, &c. &c. However, notwithstanding this variation in our plan, we shall strictly adhere to our original resolution of admitting no tract into our Medley, however ludicrous and gay, that shall bear any luscious double entendres, or favour in the least of obscenity, or prophaneness; since as my lord Roscommon has long since very justly observed,

Immodest words admit of no defence;
For want of decency, is want of sense.

And in order to render this intended variation in our scheme more natural and palatable; we shall

shall open it, as it were, with some cursory reflections on the beauty that arises from an agreeable variety.

ORDER then, and variety, duly intermixed, and well proportioned, give beauty to all the creatures of God; and indeed to all the works of mens hands. Hath he not made the day and the night, appointing the sun to rule the one, and the moon and stars to govern the other?—Yet, the day, glorious as it is, would be also tedious, were it not relieved by the vicissitude of night; nay, were it not relieved by its own variety, which comes on with the hours. Hath he not also made the year, and appointed in it, for variety, certain seasons, which should relieve and adorn each other in a perpetual circle of succession? Spring and autumn are as the morning and evening to it, when, being wearied with bringing forth a pleasing variety of flowers and fruits; it rejoices to retire, and repose itself in winter, as in the dead of night.

If we look round about upon the earth, given us for an habitation, with all its rich and abundant furniture, are these things given us only for our necessity? Are they not made also for our delight? “O Lord, when I consider both the heavens and the earth, how manifold are thy works!” such is their variety; “Yet in wisdom hast thou made them all!” such is their regularity.

If we look upon the works of mens hands, (which are then best, when they imitate the works of God) we find in these likewise, that order and proportion are not sufficient to please, unless relieved and set off by variety. This is daily seen in the contrivances of princes, whose palaces, without

out this intermixture, would be but spacious prisons, and whose pleasant walks, but as the common field: and he that attempts to form to himself a paradise, is forced, for variety, to plant in it a wilderness.

WE shall begin with the antient, little History of the Dragon of Wantley, and the humorous ballad grounded thereupon, which we hope will meet with as favourable a reception in the closet, as the late Mr. Carey's dramatic interlude, under the same title, has for some years past met with on the British stage.

Without any farther preamble, therefore, we shall take the story and the song, as we find it recorded in a scarce and valuable collection of those antiquated sonnets.

Tho' this ludicrous antient ballad has been ever looked upon as a criticism, or ridicule upon the heroic atchievements of St. George for England, and the seven Champions, and other romantic tales of the like nature; and is the same to ballads of chivalry, as the renowned Don Quixote is to books of knight-errantry; yet there are some historians, who will by no means allow this to have been the design of the Poet, nor the song to be a piece of criticism, but a satyr; and to prove this, they tell you, that in days of old, a certain gentleman, a member of the law, and here represented by the dragon, being left guardian to three orphans, and finding some little flaw in their titles, put in his claim, deprived them of their estate, took possession of it himself, and turned them over to the parish. Upon which, another lawyer, more honest than the former, here called Moore, of Moore-hall, took
up

up their cause, sued the unjust guardian, cast him,
and recovered the estate for the children.

We shall not pretend to decide any thing in a
dispute of this importance. The hypotheses, how-
ever, are both probable; but which may be the
justest, we shall leave the learned to determine.

*An excellent BALLAD of a most dreadful Com-
bat, fought between Moore, of Moore-hall,
and the Dragon of Wantley.*

I.

OLD stories tell how Hercules
A Dragon slew at Lerna,
With seven heads, and fourteen eyes
To see, and well discern-a :
But he had a club, this Dragon to drub,
Or he had ne'er don't I warrant ye ;
But Moore of Moore-hall, with nothing at all,
He slew the Dragon of Wantley.

II.

This Dragon had two furious wings,
Each one upon each shoulder ;
With a sting in his tail, as long as a flail,
Which made him bolder and bolder.
He had long claws, and in his jaws,
Four and forty teeth of iron ;
With an hide as tough, as any buff,
Which did him round environ.

III.

Have you not heard of the Trojan horse,
With sev'nty men in his belly ?
This Dragon was not quite so big,
But very near I'll tell you :

Devoured

Devoured he, poor children three,
That couldn't with him grapple;
And at one sup, he ate them up,
As one would eat an apple.

IV.

All sorts of cattle this Dragon did eat,
Some say he ate up trees,
And that the forest sure he would
Devour by degrees:
For houses and churches, were to him geese and
turkies,
He ate all, and left none behind;
But some stones, dear Jack, which he couldn't crack,
Which on the hills you will find.

V.

In Yorkshire, near fair Rotherham,
The place I know it well,
Some two or three miles, or thereabouts,
I vow I cannot tell;
But there is a hedge, just on the hill edge,
And Matthew's house hard by it;
O, there and then! was this Dragon's den,
You couldn't chuse but spy it.

VI.

Some say this Dragon was a witch;
Some say he was a devil;
For from his nose a smoke arose,
And with it burning snivel;
Which he cast off, when he did cough,
Into a well that stands by;
Which made it look, just like a brook,
Running with burning brandy.

VII.

Hard by a furious Knight there dwelt,
Of whom all towns did ring;

D d

For

For he could wrestle, play at quarter-staff, kick,
cuff, and huff,

Call son of a whore; do any kind of thing:
By the tail and the main, with his hands twain,

He swung a horse till he was dead;

And what is stranger, he for very anger,

Ate him all up but his head.

VIII.

These children, as I told, being eat;

Men, women, girls and boys;

Sighing and sobbing, came to his lodging,

And made an hideous noise;

O, save us all! Moore, of Moore-hall,

Thou peerless Knight of these woods;

Do but slay this Dragon, who wo'nt leave us a
rag on,

We'll give thee all our goods.

IX.

Tut, tut, quoth he, no goods I want,

But I want, I want, in sooth,

A fair maid of sixteen, that's brisk,

And smiles about the mouth;

Hair black as sloe, both above and below,

With blushes her cheeks adorning,

To 'noint me o'er night, e'er I go to fight,

And to dress me in the morning.

X.

This being done, he did engage

To hew this mighty dragon down;

But first he went new armour to

Bespeak at Sheffield town;

With spikes all about, not within, but without,

Of steel so sharp and strong;

Both behind and before, arms, legs, and all o'er,

Some five or six inches long.

XI.

XI.

Had you seen him in this dress,
 How fierce he look'd, and how big,
 You would have thought him for to be
 Some Egyptian Porcupig;
 He frightened all, cats, dogs, and all,
 Each cow, each horse, and each hog;
 For fear they did flee, for they took him to be
 Some strange out-landish hedge-hog.

XII.

To see this fight, all people then
 Got upon trees and houses,
 On churches some, and chimneys too,
 But they put on their trowles,
 Not to spoil their hose.—As soon as he arose,
 To make him strong and mighty,
 He drank by the tale, six pots of ale,
 And a quart of Aqua Vitæ.

XIII.

It is not strength that always wins;
 For wit doth strength excel;
 Which made our cunning champion
 Creep down into a well;
 Where he did think, this dragon would drink,
 And so he did in truth;
 And as he stoop'd low, he rose up, and cry'd Boh!
 And hit him on the mouth.

XIV.

Oh! quoth the dragon, pox take thee, come out,
 Thou, that disturb'st me in my drink;
 With that he turn'd, and sh—t at him;
 Good lack! how he did stink!
 Beshrew thy foul, thy body's foul,
 Thy dung smells not like balsam;

Thou son of a whore, thou stink'st so fore,
 Sure thy diet is unwholesome !

XV.

Our politic knight, on the other side,
 Crept out upon the brink,
 And gave the dragon such a douse,
 He knew not what to think:
 By cock, quoth he, say you so ? Do you see ;
 And then at him he let fly,
 With hand and with foot, and so they went to't,
 And the word was, hey, boys, hey !

XVI.

Your words, quoth the dragon, I don't understand:
 Then to it they fell at all,
 Like two wild boars so fierce, I may
 Compare great things with small.
 Two days and a night, with this dragon did fight,
 Our champion on the ground ;
 Tho' their strength it was great, their skill it was
 neat,
 They never had one wound.

XVII.

At length the hard earth began to quake,
 The dragon gave him such a knock,
 Which made him to reel, and strait he thought
 To lift him as high as a rock ;
 And then let him fall :—But Moore of Moore-hall,
 Like a valiant son of Mars,
 As he came like a lout, so he turn'd him about,
 And hit him a kick of the arse.

XVIII.

Oh ! quoth the dragon, with a deep sigh,
 And turn'd six times together,
 Sobbing and tearing, cursing and swearing,
 Out of his throat of leather ;

Moore,

Moore of Moore hall, O thou rascal,
 Would I had seen thee never !
 With the thing at thy foot, thou hast prick'd my
 A— gut,
 And I'm quite undone forever.

XIX.

Murder, murder, the dragon cry'd,
 Alack ! alack ! for grief ;
 Had you but mis'd that place, you could
 Have done me no mischief ;
 Then his head he shak'd, trembled and quak'd,
 And down he laid, and cry'd ;
 First on one knee, then on back tumbled he,
 So groan'd, kick'd, sh—t, and dy'd.

To the Publisher of the PHŒNIX.

S I R,

AS the Numidian Novel, which you published
 some considerable time ago, humorously
 enough illustrating the Origin and Antiquity of
 Cuckoldom, met, I perceive, with a very favour-
 able reception from the public, by your being ob-
 liged to reprint it at the request of your friends,
 the Bucks and the Bloods ; I have herewith sent you
 a Novel to match it, wherein are delineated, in the
 liveliest colours, the wavering disposition, ingrati-
 tude, and inconstancy of the fair sex to their most
 constant and faithful lovers. If what I have
 heard be true, it was first translated into French
 from an Arabian manuscript by the celebrated
 Monsieur Voltaire ; but whether that information
 be genuine or apocryphal, I shall not take upon
 me

me to determine. Be that, however, as it may, I have attempted to cloath it in as good an English dress, as my poor abilities would permit me, in hopes it may be looked upon, with the Addenda, as proper provisions for your convent. Such as it is, however, I freely submit it, with all its imperfections, to the censure or approbation of your impartial Antiquarians.

I am, your constant reader, &c.

G. J.

P. S. You will find, I have added to it two little poetical fugitive pieces; both written by good hands, by way of application, in order to render the fiction somewhat more lively, instructive and entertaining.

FEMALE FALSHOOD; or, the capricious Mistress.

*Intolerable Vanity!—Your sex
Was never in the right;—Y're always false
Or silly; e'en your desires are not more
Fantastic than your appetites; you think
Of nothing twice; opinion you have none.
To-day y're nice; to-morrow not so free;
Now smile, then frown; now sorrowful, then glad;
Now pleas'd, now not; and all you know not why!
Virtue y' affect; inconstancy's your practice;
And when your loose desires once get dominion,
No hungry churl feeds coarser at a feast;
Ev'ry rank fool goes down.*

OTWAY'S Orphan,

WHEN king Moabdar sat on the throne of
Babylon, there was one Sadi, a native of
that

that city, to whom nature had been peculiarly indulgent, not only in regard to his personal perfections, but what is much more valuable, to his uncommon genius, and the improvements of his mind. Add to this, he was the descendant of one of the most illustrious families throughout the kingdom.

Though immensely rich as well as young, he had learned from his sage tutors the art how to govern and give a check to his unruly appetites and desires; he was no ways vain or affected; and as he did not act up at all times to the unerring rules of right reason himself, he was not fond of being censorious, or reflecting, without mercy, on the frailties of his gay and airy companions. Though he had a fund of wit that was inexhaustible; yet he never insulted any one that was modest, though he visibly stood in want of it. Nay, he was so candid, that he never rallied any of his bottle-companions for their idle prattle, and fondness for puns and conundrums, those flights of false wit and humour, which was then the reigning taste, and what was termed by the beaux and belles at Babylon polite Conversation.

Our young nobleman had read over, with due attention, the works of Zoroaster, from whom he had learned, that self-conceit is like a bladder, blown to its utmost stretch; and that if it should once happen to be pricked, it would discharge a sort of petty-tempest.

Sadi, moreover, though he had a peculiar regard for the fair sex, would never boast of conquests which he had not made. He was of so open and generous a disposition, that he would, with a good grace, return good for evil; and would even oblige

oblige the man that was ungrateful, having fixed that wise maxim of Zoroaster in his mind ; “ If
“ you are eating at any time, throw a morsel or
“ two to the dogs, that you find under the table,
“ that you may be free from all apprehensions of
“ their biting you.”

He was as wise as any one could well desire him to be ; since he would keep no company, but men of sense, probity, and good manners. As he was well versed in all the sciences of the antient Chaldeans, he was no stranger to the principles of natural philosophy, so far as they were then discovered ; and knew as much of metaphysics as the most learned casuist in any succeeding age ; that is to say, he knew nothing of the study, and looked down upon it with an eye of contempt.

Sadi, as was observed before, being not only immensely rich, very handsome, and a gentleman of a sanguine constitution, but remarkably gay and witty, without giving offence, and extremely frank and free, he imagined, that he was duly qualified to be as happy as this life could make him. He determined, therefore, to marry a gay, young, court-lady (by name Angelina) whose beauty, birth, and fortune, made her almost the object of adoration in Babylon. He had a sincere and passionate regard for her ; and Angelina always answered his addresses without a frown.

In short, they were mutually charmed with each other's conversation ; and the day for the happy solemnization of their nuptials was fixed, and mutually agreed on. Pleasure, however, never comes sincere to man. The day before the intended conjunction, they happened to be taking a walk in the fields together, under a shade of a range of palm-trees,

trees, which grew on the banks of the river Euphrates.

Our two lovers were interrupted in their amorous converse by a band of ruffians, who were the guards of a young nobleman, the eldest son of a great favourite of king Moabdar, (one Orcan by name) who was indulged in every thing he did, however inconsistent with either decency or justice.

This young rival of Sadi's, imagining that he had more power than he, notwithstanding he had none of his internal qualities, was perfectly distracted to find another preferred by the lady before himself. This jealous fit, though the result of mere caprice, made him think himself absolutely smitten with the charms of Angelina; and fired with that thought, he was resolutely determined to force her from the arms of Sadi.

The ruffians rushed boldly upon her, and, in the heat of the action, drew blood of the lady, who tore her hair, and rent the very heavens with her hideous out-cries! "Where, O where, she cried, is my dear husband? They have ravished from me the dear, dear object of all my wishes." In short, she was scarcely sensible of the danger to which she herself was exposed; as her principal concern was for her dear, dear Sadi.

At the same time, her lover defended her like a man of intrepidity and honour, and, by the aid and assistance of two of his attendants only, routed all Orcan's retinue; and conducted the fair Angelina, all bloody, and almost breathless as she was, to her own apartment.

No sooner was she revived, but she darted an amorous glance on her deliverer. "O, Sadi, said she, were I actually your bride, I could not love
E e " you

“ you more ; tis to you I owe my life ; nay more,
 “ ’tis to your courage only that I owe the prefer-
 “ vation of my honour.”

No heart, fure, could be deeper smitten than that of Angelina : No beauty ever more grateful to an adventurous lover. Her wounds, however, were but superficial, and she soon recovered.

Sadi, indeed, met with a mischance of a much more dangerous consequence.—An unlucky arrow, in the fray, had grazed on his left eye, which looked most ghastly. Angelina was forever on her knees, imploring the kind Gods to restore her Sadi. All night and day her eyes were drowned in floods of sorrow. She waited, with impatience, for a glance from his dear eye ; but oh ! it was so swollen and inflamed, that she was terrified almost to death.

Upon this, she sent as far as Memphis for Hermes, a famed physician there, who instantly attended. Upon his first visit, he declared his patient past all hopes of cure, and that his eye was lost beyond recovery. Had it been, said that great adept, his right eye, I could have preserved it ; but depend upon it, that eye will lose its visive faculty by to-morrow twelve o’clock. As his case is, Æsculapius himself, were he alive, could never restore it.

All Babylon pitied poor Sadi, indeed ; but they were equally struck with admiration at the profound judgment of his grand physician.

About two days after this imposthume broke, without the use of any specific, and Sadi soon saw with one eye as well as the other.

Hermes, upon his unexpected recovery, wrote a long discourse in vindication of his character ;
 and

and, with great erudition, proved, that the wound ought never to have been healed.

Sadi, however, never thought it worth his while to enter into the controversy, but embraced the first opportunity to pay his bride elect a visit, who had expressed such a tender concern for his welfare, and had put herself to such an expence for the restoration of his sight.

As soon as Sadi knocked at her door, he was informed by a valet, that his mistress had been out of town, for about three days; and, moreover, that his young lady, having an innate aversion to a one-eyed man, was married the day before to Orcan.

Sadi was thunder-struck at this unexpected news; and laid it, in short, so much to heart, that, in a few months, he became a perfect skeleton. At last, however, upon mature reflection, he conquered his love-sick fit, and was as well as ever.

Upon this disappointment, he determined to marry some substantial citizen's daughter, and never think of a gay, court-lady any more.

Accordingly, he pitched upon one Prudella, a young gentlewoman, every way accomplished, remarkable for her good oeconomy, and one, whose parents were immensely rich.

Their nuptials were soon after solemnized, and no two turtles were more fond of each other, for a whole month successively.

In process of time, however, poor Sadi found his young spouse a little too coquettish, and too apt to think, that the handsomest young fellows were the most virtuous and the greatest wits.

TO this description of the fair, inconstant Angelina, who flourished, it seems, some centuries ago, in the court of Babylon, we shall add the character of the charming Miss Coquetilla, a British young lady, who, but some few years ago, was a reigning toast within the verge of the court at St. James's, extracted from one of the most curious Novelists, now living in England.

HIS HISTORY, or NARRATIVE, runs thus.

COQUETILLA was the only daughter of a worthy baronet, by a lady very gay, but rather indiscreet, than unvirtuous, who took no due care of her daughter's education, but let her be over-run with the love of fashions, dress, and equipage; and when, in London, balls, operas, plays, the park; the ring, and the withdrawing-room took up her whole attention. She admired nobody but herself, and fluttered about, laughing at, and despising a crowd of men-followers, whom she attracted by gay, thoughtless freedoms of behaviour, too nearly tending on the skirts of immodesty; yet made she not one worthy conquest, exciting on the contrary, in all sober minds, that contempt upon herself, which she so profusely would be thought to pour down upon the rest of the world.

After she had several years fluttered about the dangerous light, like some silly fly, she at last singed the wings of her reputation; for being despised by every worthy heart, she became too easy and cheap a prey to a man, the most unworthy of all her followers, who had resolution and confidence enough to break through those few cobweb reserves

in

in which she had encircled her precarious virtue ; and which were no longer of force to preserve her honour, than till she met with a man more bold and more enterprising than herself, and who was as designing, as she was thoughtless.

Upon this, Coquetilla was obliged to pass over sea to Ireland, where nobody knew her, and to bury herself in a dull obscurity ; to go by another name, and at last, unable to support a life, so unsuitable to the natural gaiety of her temper ; she pined herself into a consumption, and died both unpitied and unlamented among strangers, without having one friend, but what she purchased with her money.

An EXTRACT from her POCKET-BOOK, of her Deportment, during one Day and an half, in the Height of her Gaiety.

Waked at nine.—Dosed, and considered how to spend the day till ten.—Rose.—Read the play-bills, and received a ticket from Sir Charles Airy, with a ticket for the masquerade to-morrow night.—Drank tea at eleven.—Hurried to my toilet, hearing the clock strike twelve.—Put on, and pulled off my French head till two.—Quarrelled with Lettice, and very much out of humour with the sitting of my hair.—Changed my mind several times.—Drest charmingly in my Dutch cap, and pretty well composed by three.—Called to dinner, and nobody being at home but my papa, dined in my dishabille.—Laced at five, but presently unlaced, being too tight.—Spent near an hour to settle a patch.—Laced again, and easy.—By eight completely drest.—At nine, went in a chair to lady Spendthrift's assembly.—Lost seventeen guineas at Quadrille.

Quadrille by eleven.—Came home to my papa, and got of him ten pieces only, to go back and try my luck.—Went back accordingly at twelve.—Quite broke before one.—Borrowed ten guineas more of Miss Spadilla, and lost them all by two.—Looked on till four, with a firm belief, that if I had had but five guineas, I should have broke the whole table; but having only a single crown, went home, and got to bed by five.—Dreamt I won two hundred guineas, and lent lady Spendthrift one hundred more.—Waked at twelve.—Rose at one, and found but three shillings in my pocket.

Having thus exhibited to the public these two little Histories; one extracted from the fabulous amusements of a Frenchman, and the other from those of a very ingenious Briton; without passing any judgment ourselves thereupon, we shall leave our more judicious readers to determine, which of the two pictures are drawn with the most spirit, and most to the life.

We shall now close these little satyrical reflections, on the inconstancy of the fair Sex, with our kind correspondent's humorous poetical postscript, by way of practical improvements of them both.

An ENIGMA, or RIDDLE; with its SOLUTION.

THERE's a being in nature, as light as a feather,
As fickle as wind, as inconstant as weather:
Now humble, then proud; now sweet, and then sour;
Never wears the same humour or conduct an hour:
'Tis a lion, a lamb, an eagle, a dove,
All tameness, all fierceness, all hate, or all love.

It

It can swear and protest; but its oaths are so frail,
That he, who relies on't, takes an Eel by the tail.

The SOLUTION.———A COQUET.

WOMAN a WEATHER-COCK. *An Epigram.*

DUST is lighter than a feather,
And the wind more light than either :
But a Woman's fickle mind,
Is lighter far than feather, dust, or wind:

To these two fugitive pieces of our correspondent's, we shall add a third of our own collecting, from a very eminent hand, under the following title.

A Poetical Description of a Court-Coquet.

THE woman that is prone to changing,
Through all the rounds of folly ranging,
On life's uncertain ocean riding;
No reason, rule, or rudder guiding;
Is like the comet's wand'ring light,
Eccentric, ominous, and bright;
Tractless, and shifting as the wind:
A sea whose fathom none can find;
A Moon still changing and revolving;
A Riddle past all human solving;
A Bliss, a Plague, a Heav'n, a Hell,
A——Something——that no man can tell.

In order to amuse our readers with as great a variety of such little stories as are composed by the most virtuous novelists, we shall here introduce a second pretty tale, extracted from the same author,
who

who composed the last ; and intended as a contrast to the former, entituled,

The Fair Hypocrite ; or the History of Miss Prudiana.

PRUDIANA was the daughter of a gentleman, who was a widower, having, while the young lady was an infant, buried her mama. He was a good sort of a man, but had only one lesson to teach Prudiana, and that was, to avoid all manner of conversation with the men ; but never gave her the right turn of mind, nor instilled into it that sense of her religious duties, which would have been her best guard under all temptations ; for so as she kept but out of the sight of the gentlemen, and avoided the company of those ladies, who more freely conversed with the other sex, it was all that her papa desired of her. This gave her a haughty, fullen, and reserved turn ; made her stiff, formal, and affected. She had sense enough to discover betimes the foibles of miss Coquetilla, and in dislike of them, fell the more easily into that contrary extreme, which her recluse education, and her papa's cautions naturally led her. So that pride, reserve, affectation, and censoriousness, made up the essentials in her character, and she became more unamiable even than Coquetilla, whom she despised ; and as the latter was too accessible, the former was quite unapproachable by gentlemen, and unfit for any conversation, but that of her servants, being also abandoned by those of her own sex, by whom she might have been improved, on account of her censorious disposition. — And what was the consequence ? — Why this:

this: Every worthy person of both sexes despising her; and she, being used to see nobody but her papa's servants, throws herself upon one of that class: in an evil hour, she finds something that is taking to her low taste, in the person of her papa's valet; a wretch, so infinitely beneath her (a mere coxcomb only of a servant) that every body attributed to her the scandal of making the first advances; for otherwise, it was presumed, he durst not have looked up to his master's daughter. So here ended all her pride; all her reserves came to this: her censoriousness of others redoubled people's contempt upon herself, and made nobody pity her. She was at last turned out of doors, without one penny for her fortune; the fellow was obliged to set up a barber's shop in a country town; for all he knew was to shave, and dress a peruke; and her papa would never look upon her more.

In a word, the imperious, scornful Prudiana became the out-cast of her family, and the derision of all that knew her; insomuch that, at last, she was glad to mingle in conversation and company with the low-lived wretches of her husband's degree.—Alas! poor, miserable Prudiana!—How despicable is affectation!

To the preceding instructing story of miss Pru, at St. James's, in plain prose, we shall add a sequel thereto, in easy verse, founded on real fact, and composed by a very facetious author, long since deceased, in order to illustrate the fatal consequences of a misguided education.

*The ARTFUL VALET, or the CITY-PRUDE;**A TALE, containing the secret Amours of
Miss Phillis and her Man John.*

DEsponding Phyllis was end'd
 With every talent of a Prude:
 She trembled, when a man drew near;
 Salute her, and she turn'd her ear;
 If o'er against her you were plac'd,
 She durstn't look above your waiste:
 She'd rather take you to her bed,
 Than let you see her dress her head:
 In church, you heard her, thro' the crowd,
 Repeat the Absolution loud;
 In church, secure, behind her fan,
 She durst behold that monster, MAN.
 There practis'd how to place her head,
 And bit her lips, to make them red;
 Or on the mat devoutly kneeling,
 Would lift her eyes up to the cieling,
 And heav'd her bosom unaware,
 For neighb'ring Beaux to see it bare.
 At length, a lucky lover came;
 And found admittance to the dame.
 Suppose all parties now agreed,
 The writings drawn, the lawyer feed,
 The vicar and the ring bespoke;
 Guess, how could such a match be broke?
 See then, what mortals place their blifs in!
 Next morn, betimes, the bride was missing.
 The mother scream'd, the father chid!
 Where can this idle wench be hid?
 No news of Phyl!---The bridegroom came,
 And thought his wife had skulk'd for shame;

Be-

Because her father us'd to say,
The girl "had such a bashful way".

Now John, the Butler, must be sent,
To learn the road that Phyllis went.
The groom was wish'd to saddle Crop;
For John must neither light, or stop,
But find her where'soe'er she fled,
And bring her back, alive or dead.

See here again, the Dev'l to do!
For, truly, John was missing too.

The horse and pillion both were gone!
Phyllis, it seems, was fled with John.

Old Madam, who went up to find
What papers Phyl had left behind,
A letter on the toilet sees,

"To my much honour'd father——These."

('Tis always done, Romances tell us,
When daughters run away with fellows)

Fill'd with the choicest common places,
By others us'd in the like cases;

"That long ago, a fortune-teller,

"Exactly said what now befel her;

"And in a glass had made her see

"A Serving-man of low degree.

"It was her fate, must be forgiven,

"For marriages were made in Heav'n:

"His pardon begg'd; but to be plain,

"She'd do't, if 'twere to do again.

"Thank God! 'twas neither shame, nor sin,

"For John was come of honest kin;

"Love never thinks of rich, or poor:

"She'd beg with John, from door to door.

"Forgive her, if it be a crime,

"She'll never do't another time.

" She ne'er before, in all her life,
 " Once disobey'd him, maid nor wife.
 " One argument she summ'd up all in,
 " The thing was done, and past recalling.
 " And therefore hop'd she should recover
 " His favour, when his passion's over!
 " She valu'd not what others thought her,
 " And was——his most obedient daughter."

Fair maidens all, attend the muse,
 Who now the wand'ring pair pursues.
 Away they rode in homely sort,
 Their journey long, their money short;
 The loving couple well be-mir'd;
 The horse, and both the riders tir'd;
 Their victuals bad, their lodging worse;
 Phyl cry'd, and John began to curse;
 Phyl wish'd, that she had strain'd a limb,
 When first she ventur'd out with him:
 John wish'd, that he had broke a leg,
 When first for her he quitted Peg.

But what adventures more beset 'em,
 The muse hath now no time to tell 'em;
 How Johnny wheedled, threat'ned, fawn'd,
 Till Phyllis all her trinkets pawn'd:
 How oft she broke her marriage-vows,
 In kindness to maintain her spouse,
 Till swains, unwholesome, spoil'd the trade;
 For now the surgeon must be paid;
 To whom those perquisites are gone,
 In christian patience due to John.

When food and raiment now grew scarce,
 Fate put a period to the farce;
 And with exact poetic justice;
 For John is landlord, Phyllis hostess:

They

They keep at Bath, the old blue Boar,
Are cat and dog, and rogue and whore.

The following little, polite essay; together with an humble address to the great Author of Nature, are Extracts from the miscellaneous thoughts of the universally admired Dr. Watts.

The WONDERS of PROVIDENCE; or Divine Goodness displayed, in the Formation of the Universe.

THE most universal and conspicuous appearances both of the earth and sky (says our ingenious author) are designed for the convenience, the profit, and pleasure of all the animal creation: all that we see above us, and all beneath us, is suited to our nourishment, or to our delight.

What is more necessary for the support of life than food? Behold! the earth is covered with it all around; grass, herbs, and fruits for beasts and men, were ordained to overspread all the surface of the ground; so that an animal could scarce wander any where, but his food was near him. Amazing provision for such an immense family!

What is more joyful than the light? "Truly the light is sweet (says the wisest of men) and a pleasant thing it is to behold the light of the sun." See! the whole circuit of the heavens is replenished with sun-beams, so that, while the day lasts, wheresoever the eye is placed, it is surrounded with this enjoyment; it drinks in the easy and general blessing, and is thereby entertained with all the particular varieties of the creation. It is light that conveys to our notice all the riches of the

the divine workmanship; without it, nature would be one huge and eternal BLANK, and her infinite beauties forever unknown.

Again, Which are the sweetest colours in nature, the most delightful to the eye, and most refreshing too? Surely the green and the blue claim this preheminance. Common experience, as well as philosophy, tells us, that bodies of blue and green colour send such rays of light to our eyes, as are least burthenfome and offensive; we can endure them longest; whereas the red and the yellow, or orange-colour, send more uneasy rays in abundance, and give greater confusion and pain to the eye; they dazzle it sooner, and tire it quickly with a little intent gazing. The divine Goodness therefore dressed all the heavens in blue, and the earth in green. Our habitation is over-hung with a canopy of most beautiful azure, and a rich verdant pavement is spread under our feet, that the eye may be pleased and easy wherever it turns itself; and that the most universal objects it has to converse with might not impair the spirits and make the sense weary.

*A short, SOLEMN ADDRESS to the Great AUTHOR
of NATURE.*

My God, I love, and I adore;
But souls that love, wou'd know thee more:
Wilt thou forever hide, and stand
Behind the labours of thy hand?
Thy hand unseen sustains the poles,
On which this huge creation rolls:
The starry arch proclaims thy pow'r;
Thy pencil glows in ev'ry flow'r;

In thousand shapes and colours rise,
 Thy painted wonders to our eyes;
 While beasts and birds, with lab'ring throats,
 Teach us a God in thousand notes.
 The meanest pin in nature's frame,
 Marks out some letter of thy name.
 Where sense can reach, or fancy rove,
 From hill to hill, from field to grove;
 Across the waves, around the sky,
 There's not a spot, or deep, or high,
 Where the CREATOR has not trod,
 And left the footsteps of a God.

THE following moral EXTRACT from the same universally admired Author, will, we doubt not, be equally acceptable to our politest readers.

The WASTE of LIFE.

ANERGUS was a young gentleman of a good estate; he was bred to no business; and could not contrive how to waste his hours agreeably; he had no relish for any of the proper works of life, nor any taste at all for the improvements of the mind; he spent generally ten hours of the four and twenty in his bed; he dozed away two or three more on his couch, and as many were dissolved in good liquor every evening, if he met with company of his own humour. Five or six of the rest he fauntered away with much indolence. The chief business of them was to contrive his meals, and to feed his fancy before-hand with the promise of a dinner and supper; not that he was so great a glutton, or so entirely devoted to his appetite; but chiefly,

chiefly, because he knew not how to employ his thoughts better, he let them rove about the sustenance of his body. Thus he had made a shift to wear off ten years since the paternal estate fell into his hands; and yet, according to the abuse of words in our day, he was called a MAN of VIRTUE; because he was scarce ever known to be quite drunk, nor was his nature much inclined to lewdness.

One evening, as he was musing alone, his thoughts happened to take a most unusual turn; for they cast a glance backward, and began to reflect on his manner of life; he bethought himself what a number of living beings he had made a sacrifice to support his carcase, and how much corn and wine had been mingled with those oblations. He had not quite lost all the arithmetic that he had learned when he was a boy, and he set himself down to compute what he had devoured since he came to the age of man.

“ Above a dozen feathered creatures, small and
“ great, have, one week with another, (said he)
“ given up their lives to prolong mine, which,
“ in ten years time, amounts to at least six thou-
“ sand.

“ Fifty sheep have been sacrificed in a year,
“ with half a hecatomb of black cattle, that I
“ might have the choicest part offered weekly
“ upon my table. Thus a thousand beasts, out
“ of the flock and the herd, have been slain in
“ ten years time to feed me; besides what the
“ forest and the park have supplied me with.

“ Many hundreds of fishes have, in all their
“ varieties, been robbed of life for my repast, and
“ of the smaller fry as many thousands.

“ A mea-

“ A measure of corn would hardly afford flour
 “ enough for a month’s provision; and this arises
 “ to above six score bushels: and many hogsheds
 “ of ale and wine, and other liquors, have passed
 “ through this body of mine, this wretched strain-
 “ er of meat and drink.

“ And what have I done all this time for God
 “ and man? What a vast profusion of good things
 “ upon an useless life, and a worthless liver!
 “ There is not the meanest creature, among all
 “ these which I have devoured, but that hath an-
 “ swered the end of its creation better than I. It
 “ was made to support nature, and it hath done
 “ so. Every shrimp and oyster I have eaten, and
 “ every grain of corn I have devoured, hath filled
 “ up its place in the rank of beings, with more
 “ propriety and honour than I have done: —
 “ O shameful waste of life and time!”

In short, he carried on his moral reflections with
 so just and severe a force of reason, as constrained
 him to change his whole course of life, to break
 off his follies at once, and to apply himself to gain
 some useful knowledge when he was more than
 thirty years of age.

He lived many following years with the cha-
 racter of a worthy man, and an excellent christian;
 he performed the kind offices of a good neighbour
 at home, and made a shining figure as a patriot
 in the senate-house; he died with a peaceful con-
 science in the faith and hope of the gospel; and
 the tears of his country were dropped upon his
 tomb.

The world, that knew the whole series of his
 life, stood amazed at the mighty change: they
 beheld him as a wonder of reformation, while he

himself confessed and adored the divine Power and Mercy, which had transformed him from a brute to a man.

But this was a single instance ; and we may almost venture to write *miracle* upon it. Are there not large numbers of both sexes among our young gentry, and among the families of quality, in a degenerate age, whose lives thus run to utter waste, without the least tendency to usefulness and reformation, and with a scorn of all repentance ?

When I meet with persons of such a worthless character as this, it brings to my mind the following Extract from HORACE.

Nos numerus sumus, &c.

Thus paraphrased.

There are a number of us creep
 Into the world to eat and sleep ;
 And know no reason why they're born,
 But merely to consume the corn,
 Devour the cattle, fowl and fish,
 And leave behind an empty dish :
 The crows and ravens do the same ;
 Unlucky birds of hateful name ;
 Ravens or crows might fill their places,
 And swallow corn and carcases.
 Then, if their tomb-stone, when they die,
 Ben't taught to flatter and to lie,
 There's nothing better will be said,
 Than that, " They've eat up all their bread,
 " Drank up their drink, and gone to bed." }

There are other fragments of that heathen poet, which occur on such occasions ; one, in the first of his Satyrs ; the other, in the last of his Epistles, which

Or, the BRITISH PHŒNIX. 225
which seem to represent life only as a season of
luxury.

— *Exacto contentus tempore Vitæ, &c.*

Which may be thus put into English.

Life's but a feast, and when we die,
Horace would say, if he were by,
Friend, thou hast eat and drank enough ;
'Tis time now to be marching off :
Then, like a well-fed guest depart,
With chearful looks, and ease at heart,
Bid all your friends, good-night, and say,
" You've done the bus'ness of the day."

REFLECTION.

Deluded souls ! that sacrifice,
Eternal hopes above the skies,
And pour their lives out all in waste,
To the vile idol of their TASTE !
The highest Heav'n of their pursuit
Is to live equal with the brute :
Happy, if they could die as well ;
Without a Judge, without a Hell !

To the Publisher of the PHŒNIX.

S I R,

I HAVE herewith sent you enclosed a few humorous ballad-songs, and other little fugitive, poetical pieces, that were universally admired at the times they were respectively exposed to public view, tho' the authors, indeed, have been long since laid low in their graves. As they are all perfectly innocent and inoffensive, tho' gay and ludi-

crous, I humbly conceive, it would be altogether needless, if not impertinent, to make the least apology for the revival of them. If your Antiquarians shall but think them proper materials for their Moral Medley, they will answer the utmost views of,

Sir, your constant reader,

P. Q.

A BALLAD.

I.

OF all the girls that e'er were seen,
There's none so fine as Nelly,
For charming face, aad shape and mien,
And what's not fit to tell ye:
Oh! the turn'd neck, and smooth white skin,
Of lovely, dearest Nelly!
For many a swain, it well had been,
Had she ne'er past by Calai-.

II.

For when as Nelly came to France,
(Invited by her cousins)
Across the Thuilleries each glance,
Kill'd French-men by whole dozens,
The King, as he at dinner sate,
Did beckon to his Hussar,
And bad him bring his tabby-cat,
For charming Nell to buss her.

III.

The ladies were with rage provok'd,
To see her so respected;
The Men look'd arch, as Nelly strok'd,
And puss her tail erected;

But

But not a man did look employ,
 Except on pretty Nelly;
 Then said the Duke de Villeroy,
 Ah! qu'elle est bien jolie!

IV.

But who's that grave philosopher,
 That carefully looks at her?
 By his concern, it should appear,
 The fair one is his daughter.
 Ma foy! (quoth then a courtier fly)
 He on his child does leer too:
 I wish he has no mind to try,
 What some papa's will here do,

V.

The courtiers all with one accord,
 Broke out in Nelly's praises,
 Admir'd her rose, and lys fans farde,
 (Which are your termes Françaises.)
 Then might you see a painted ring
 Of dames that stood by Nelly;
 She like the pride of all the Spring,
 And they like Fleurs du Palais.

VI.

In Marlis' gardens, and Saint Clou,
 I saw this charming Nelly,
 Where shameless nymphs expos'd to view,
 Stand naked in each Allée:
 But Venus had a brazen face,
 Both at Versailles and Mendon,
 Or else she had resign'd the place,
 And left the stone she stood on.

VII.

Were Nelly's figure mounted there,
 'Twould put down all th' Italian:
 Lord! how those foreigners would stare!
 But I should turn Pygmalion:

For spite of lips, and eyes, and mien,
 Me, nothing can delight so,
 As does that part that lies between
 Her left-toe and her right-toe.

Another BALLAD, by D——n S——T.

THE lady B—— B—— finding in the author's
 room, some verses unfinished, underwrote a
 STANZA of her own, with raillery upon him; which
 gave occasion to the following Ballad.

I.

Once on a time, as old stories rehearse,
 A friar would needs shew his talent in Latin,
 But was forely put to't in the midst of a verse,
 Because he could find no word to come pat in,
 Then at the place
 He left a void space,
 And so went to bed in a desp'rate case.
 When behold! the next morning, a wonderful
 riddle,
 He found it was strangely fill'd up in the middle.

C H O R U S.

*Let censuring critics then think what they list on't,
 Who wouldn't write verses with such an assistant?*

II.

This put me the friar into an amazement,
 For he wisely consider'd it must be a sprite,
 That came thro' the key-hole, or in at the casement,
 And it needs must be one that could both read
 and write:

Yet

Yet did he not know
 If it were friend or foe,
 Or whether it came from above or below.
 However, 'twas civil, in angel or elf;
 For he ne'er could have fill'd it so well of himself.

CHOR. *Let censuring, &c.*

III.

Even so master Doctor had puzzled his brains
 In making a Ballad, but was at a stand;
 He had mix'd little wit with a great deal of pains,
 When he found a new help from invisible hand.
 Then good Doctor S——t,
 Pay thanks for the gift,
 For you must freely own, you were at a dead lift:
 And tho' some malicious young spirit did do't,
 You may know by the hand it had no cloven foot.

CHOR. *Let censuring, &c.*

THE following songs and epigrams were published about thirty years ago, by two of the greatest wits of the age; for which reason, as they are very humorous, and perfectly innocent, we doubt not, but that they will stand the test of the most censorious and ill-natured critic.

MOLLY MOG: or, the Fair Maid of the Inn.

I.

Says my uncle, I pray you discover
 What hath been the cause of your woes;
 Why you pine, and you whine, like a lover?
 — I have seen Molly Mog of the Rose.

II.

II.

O nephew ! your grief is but folly,
 In town you may find better prog ;
 Half a crown there will get you a Molly,
 A Molly much better than Mog.

III.

I know that by wits 'tis recited,
 That women, at best, are a clog ;
 But I am not so easily frightened,
 From loving of sweet Molly Mog.

IV.

The school-boys desire's a play-day,
 The school-master's joy is to flog ;
 The milk-maid's delight is on May-day,
 But mine is on sweet Molly Mog.

V.

Will-a-Wisp leads the Trav'ler a-gadding
 Thro' ditch, and thro' quagmire and bog ;
 But no light can set me a madding,
 Like the eyes of my sweet Molly Mog.

VI.

For guineas in other mens breeches,
 Your gamesters will palm, and will cog ;
 But I envy them none of their riches,
 So I may but win sweet Molly Mog.

VII.

The heart, when half wounded, is changing,
 It here and there leaps like a frog ;
 But my heart can never be ranging,
 'Tis so fix'd upon sweet Molly Mog.

VIII.

Who follows all ladies of pleasure,
 In pleasure is thought but a hog ;
 All the sex cannot give so good measure
 Of joys, as my sweet Molly Mog.

IX.

IX.

I feel I'm in love to distraction,
My senses all lost in a fog ;
And nothing can give satisfaction
But thinking of sweet Molly Mog.

X.

A letter when I am inditing,
Comes Cupid, and gives me a jog,
And I fill all the paper with writing
Of nothing but sweet Molly Mog.

XI.

If I would not give up the three graces,
I wish I-were hang'd like a dog ;
And at court, all the drawing-room faces,
For a glance of my sweet Molly Mog.

XII.

Those faces want nature and spirit,
And seem as cut out of a log ;
Juno, Venus, and Pallas's merit,
Unite in my sweet Molly Mog.

XIII.

Those who toast all the family royal,
In bumpers of Hogan and Nog,
Have hearts, not more true, or more loyal,
Than mine to my sweet Molly Mog.

XIV.

Were Virgil alive, with his Phyllis,
And writing another Eclogue ;
Both his Phyllis and fair Amaryllis,
He'd give up for sweet Molly Mog.

XV.

When she smiles on each guest, like her liquor,
Then jealousy sets me a-gog ;
To be sure she's a Bit for the Vicar,
And so I shall lose Molly Mog.

To the Publisher of the PHOENIX.

S I R,

THE enclosed ingenious fiction being one of the many interesting and instructive stories, that are interspersed throughout that inimitable, virtuous Novel, entituled, the Adventures of TELEMACHUS, I no ways question, but that your Antiquarians will look upon it as an ornament to their Moral Miscellany, and that their politest and most judicious readers will thank them for so important an Amusement. If, I find this prove acceptable, 'tis highly probable, that I may hereafter oblige them with the translation of some other allegorical performances of that universally admired French author, the archbishop of Cambray. I am, Sir, your constant reader,

MYTHOLOGUS.

FORTUNE'S VAGARIES; *or the* CAPRICIOUS MISTRESS.

ARistonous, tho' a descendant of an illustrious family in Clafomene, a town of Ionia, was, through the misfortunes that attended his father, when he was an infant, exposed to the wide world, by a friend of the old gentleman's, who resided at Teos.

An antient woman, however, who lived at Erythrea, a village not far distant from the place where he was exposed, took him up, and fed him with goat's-milk, and such other mean sustenance as she was able to procure in her humble cottage.

But at last, her circumstances being very low, and the lad being grown up, so far as to be capable

ble of some little service, she thought proper to sell him, for a valuable consideration, to a merchant that dealt in slaves, who carried him away to Lycia.

That merchant sold him to a very virtuous, as well as a substantial citizen of Patara, by name Alcinus, who took care of him during his tender years.

Aristonöus proved a very faithful, good-natured, tractable servant; and by being very willing to be instructed in whatever useful thing his master required him to apply his mind to, he gained his affection so far, by degrees, that he spared no pains or cost in his education.

Alcinus, therefore, as soon as he found his slave was ambitious of improvement, devoted him to those sciences, of which Apollo is the patron, and caused him to be taught music, and the management of the horse; but more particularly the occult, tho' very useful art of phyfic.

In a short time, Aristonöus, thro' indefatigable industry and application, became an adept in that noble science, which is so absolutely requisite for the preservation of the human species.

Apollo, perceiving him tractable, was so highly pleased, that he discovered to him, by inspiration, a great number of Arcana, or infallible Specifics, for the cure of the most dangerous and epidemical distempers.

Alcinus, finding that his slave had made such an amazing progress in his studies, and was become so useful in his profession, determined now to give him a public testimony of that sincere love and respect which he had long entertained for him in private.

Accordingly, without the least fee or consideration whatsoever, he not only resigned all the right and title he had to his service, and made him a freeman, but recommended him to POLYCRATES, the Tyrant of Samos, who, amidst that boundless prosperity, which he had enjoyed for many years, was no ways apprehensive that FORTUNE would prove either inconstant, or unkind to him to his dying day.

POLYCRATES, thus secure, as he imagined, from all danger of being involved in any cares or troubles, gave a loose to every sensual appetite, and was fond of a life that could afford him the greatest variety of pleasures. As he was very anxious, however, to prevent any obstruction, that might possibly give a check to the pursuit of them; and to remove as much as in him lay, all appearances of evil, he kept a considerable number of the most able and experienced physicians, that could possibly be procured, forever in waiting near his royal person.

POLYCRATES, conscious of the extraordinary skill and fidelity of Aristonöus, was very desirous that he would be constantly one of his attendants; and, in order to induce him the more readily to accept of the post proposed, he distinguished him from the rest of his physicians, by making him presents of immense value, and heaping of public preferments upon him.

Aristonöus resided accordingly, some years, at Samos, and could not but stand astonished to observe how FORTUNE seemed to take a partial delight in indulging his master in every individual circumstance that he requested.

Whenever the Tyrant thought proper to commence

mence a war, an absolute victory was the immediate consequence. If it was his inclination, that the most difficult enterprizes should be carried into execution, his will was obeyed, and the affair transacted with all the ease and expedition imaginable, to his entire satisfaction. His immense treasures augmented every day; all his enemies were obliged to crouch, and lie down, with the utmost submission, as it were, to be trampled under his feet. His health, notwithstanding he pursued his pleasures without the least controul, was no ways impaired; but his constitution, on the other hand, grew daily stronger and stronger.

For several years past, this fortunate, this happy prince continued a favourite of FORTUNE; neither had she once cast so much as a frown on any one of his proceedings; not the least disappointment or disgrace had ever attended any project whatever that he had formed, either for the enlargement of his dominions, or the refinement of his pleasures.

As Aristonöus was always at his right-hand, and his principal confidant; as he never knew, or ever heard of any other monarch so blessed with an uninterrupted series of success, in all his undertakings; and as he retained the utmost gratitude, submission, and respect for one, to whom he was so infinitely obliged, he began to be in pain, lest some unforeseen accident should interrupt his bliss, and cast a cloud over his present state of peace and tranquility.

This favourite of his, loving him so sincerely, could not refrain from discovering the anxieties of his mind, and the jealous thoughts that daily he conceived of some sudden, some unexpected alteration

ration of that agreeable scene, which then presented itself to his view.

He frankly, therefore, opened his heart to his master, and made some impression upon him, by his prudent precautions ; for, notwithstanding he was too much elevated by his grandeur, and too much softened by a constant pursuit of his pleasures ; yet he still retained some sentiments of humanity, and listened, with no small attention, to his friendly admonitions.

Whenever his pious Monitor put him in mind of the Gods, and of the instability of all sublunary enjoyments, he permitted him, contrary to the custom of most imperious princes, to speak the truth, without reserve ; and was so far prevailed on, by his repeated reflections on the topic before-mentioned, that he began to dread some unthought of revolution, both in his state and fortune, and determined to interrupt the current of his prosperity, by some voluntary loss of what he imagined would create in his mind an unusual reluctance to part with.

Upon this, the monarch addressed himself to his friend and physician in the following terms.

“ I am conscious to myself, said he, that
 “ there is no man living upon the earth, let his
 “ station be ever so exalted, but, once in his
 “ life-time, ought to meet with some considerable
 “ disappointment ; some loss, that may prove
 “ a more than common mortification to him ;
 “ some sudden turn of his good fortune, in order
 “ to awaken his dread and apprehension of some-
 “ thing to disturb his peace, and wonted serenity
 “ of mind.

“ As

“ As for my own part, I am, thro’ your friendly care and concern for my future welfare, fully convinced, that FORTUNE may, possibly, withdraw her favours from me, when I least expect it; (notwithstanding, ’tis true, I have not found her for many years a fickle mistress) unless I divert the storm, that seems to hang over my head.

“ I am determined, therefore, to anticipate that misfortune, of which I am so justly apprehensive.”

No sooner had POLYCRATES finished this harangue, but he took a ring off his finger of immense value, (and with which he would never have parted for any consideration whatsoever) and threw it directly, in the presence of Aristonöus, into the air, as he stood by the sea-shore, where both of them were eye-witnesses of its dropping into the sea, from whence there could be no possible hopes of ever seeing it again.

By this voluntary act, he imagined, as justly he might, that some remorse for so invaluable a loss must of necessity ensue; and that, by consequence, he must feel, for a time at least, some real compunction for the folly of so indiscreet an action.

This, however, proved, it seems, a mistake, into which he was led by his long and uninterrupted series of happiness and content.

The misfortunes which men bring upon themselves, through their own option, are not, in fact, real evils; we only feel the weight of an affliction, when it comes upon us, against our inclination, and when it is a visible mark of the Gods being offended at our imprudence and ill conduct.

POLY-

POLYCRATES still wanted judgment sufficient to know, that the best, and surest way to prevent the caprices of fortune, was by prudence and moderation, to sit loose to all her transitory enjoyments.

The goddess, to whom he thus indiscreetly sacrificed so valuable a jewel, would not accept of so trivial a victim; and the Tyrant, notwithstanding this unnatural and forced scheme of his to become really distressed, appeared, by the sequel, to be more lucky than ever. For a fish, that had accidentally swallowed the ring, as a delicious morsel, thrown into his mouth by providence, was, in some few hours afterwards, caught by a fisherman, brought to POLYCRATES's palace, and sent up to table by his head-cook, who having first found, to his astonishment, his majesty's ring, in the belly of it, restored it, like an honest domestic, to the Tyrant, as soon as the dinner was over, and the cloth removed.

POLYCRATES, startled at so miraculous an occurrence, turned pale at the receipt of it, being a kind of demonstration to him, that Fortune was determined, let him study what ways he would to thwart her, to prove propitious to all his undertakings, however inconsistent with reason and discretion.

But, alas! the time drew near, when his bowl of joy was, all on a sudden, to be dashed with gall.

The great king of Persia, Darius, the son of Hystaspes, entered into a war with the Greeks; and having soon over-run, and conquered their colonies on the Asiatic coast, and the adjacent islands, situate in the Ægean sea; Samos, the metropolitan city of POLYCRATES, was instantly taken by storm,

storm, and the tyrant had no room to escape from the torrent that overwhelmed him.

He was incapable of making the least defence, and was taken prisoner by Orontes, who was commander in chief, and subordinate only to Darius himself.

POLYCRATES found no favour at the hands of his implacable foe. A gibbet was almost instantaneously erected, by the express orders of Orontes, and the Tyrant hanged upon it, as the object of his mortal scorn and hatred.

Thus this long fortunate monarch, who had enjoyed, for so many years, such an affluence of all the good things this life could possibly afford him; and who never so much as dreamt of so shocking a revolution, fell from the very pinnacle of grandeur, all at once, and suffered not only an ignominious, but a very painful death.

From this story our readers may learn the two following short, but instructive lessons; namely, first, that no men are more in danger of meeting with the frowns of an adverse fortune, than those who behave themselves in a too haughty and impudent manner, whilst they are actually partaking of the smiles and favours of the capricious Goddess.

And secondly, that the same inconstant mistress, who so unmercifully triumphs over men in the most exalted station of life, raises, by virtue of the same capricious humour, the most miserable objects that ever grovelled in the dust.

In a word, they here see POLYCRATES thrown down from the topmost spoke of Fortune's wheel; and, on the other hand, ARISTONÖUS brought from the meanest stations, that of slavery, and the want

of the common conveniencies of life, to the enjoyment of the utmost affluence that heart could wish.

To the Publisher of the B O O K - W O R M.

S I R,

H Erewith I have sent you enclosed some curious Extracts from an humorous HUDIBRASTIC SATYR, Entituled, the WAY of the WORLD; or, SELF-INTEREST the Universal Passion; which, though very old, and long since buried in oblivion, has as many smart reflections in it, applicable to the follies and vices of the present age; as if it had been actually compos'd since the late secret Expedition: 'tis, in short, no more than a sequel in rhyme to your prose-introduction, wherein Mr. Adam Fitz-Adam has (facetiously enough) demonstrated, beyond all contradiction, that the whole World's a cheat. And as the invectives in this antiquated poem are general, and levelled at no one individual whomsoever, I flatter myself, they are equally innocent and inoffensive. However, I freely submit them to the superior judgment of your impartial Antiquarians, who are left to their free choice either to suppress, or publish them, as, upon mature deliberation, they shall deem most meet and convenient.

I am, your constant reader,

A. Z.

SECTION I.

PATRIOTISM A-LA-MODE.

A T court the great-ones jar and quarrel,
Like tinkers, o'er a strong beer barrel;

For

For as they struggle, when they're mellow,
Who is the strongest, stoutest fellow,
Their worships, lordships, and their graces,
Contend for honours, and high places;
Each striving, in his gainful post,
Who 'tis shall CHEAT the nation most.
The fav'rites hover round the throne,
And jostle one another down.
Each envies t'other rising-man,
And plays at Catch-knave; if he can,
To lift him from his lofty station
And take his turn to CHEAT the nation.

Some few to great preferments rise,
By being politic and wise;
And many cringing sycophants,
By flattery themselves advance:
For courts require such useful tools,
As humble slaves, and fawning fools;
Whilst men of merit are rejected,
And laid aside as things neglected:
So we the lap-dog daily see
Is dandled on my lady's knee,
Whilst the stout mastiff fares but hard,
And lies in chains to keep the yard.

Some by their great success in wars,
Tho' honour'd with no wounds or scars,
Climb high in popular esteem,
And creep so near the diadem,
They vex the envious standers-by,
At court, who cannot climb so high,
That greater dangers do arise
From their domestic enemies,
Than what they meet with in the field,
Where thousands on the spot are kill'd:

For when tempestuous winds arise,
 And fullen clouds obscure the skies,
 The storms no lowly hut can touch,
 Whilst lofty structures suffer much.
 So in a vex'd and ruffled state,
 The man's least safe that is most great;
 For envy always darts her spright
 At those, who sit the greatest height.

Some by court-jilts to grandeur rise,
 And o'er their betters tyrannize;
 For he that can the favour win
 Of some great noble's concubine,
 Need never doubt a gainful place
 From his kind lordship, or his grace.
 'Tis noted that one sterling-brother
 Is oft the making of another.
 The cuckold commonly, we find,
 Is to the cuckold-maker kind:
 Thus man does over man preside,
 And one man does another ride;
 Those that are mounted are carest,
 And he that's low must be oppress'd,
 And with submission bear that weight,
 Which makes more artful mortals great,
 Thus many rise and wealthy grow,
 As if by fate, we know not how:
 But when shall we the wonder see,
 Of men advanc'd for honesty?—
 Such miracles we ne'er shall find,
 I doubt, until the devil's blind.

SECTION II.

The COURT-BUTTERFLY.

THE gaudy FOP, to make a show,
 Rattles his Flanders to and fro;

That

That all the gazing fools and asses,
 May ask his title as he passes:
 If he but sees the people stare at
 His noble steeds, and new French chariot;
 And with surprize and admiration,
 Behold his pride and ostentation,
 Viewing with pleasure and amazement,
 The coxcomb thro' his landau-casement:
 He's happy thus to ride about,
 Despising those who walk on foot;
 For all he aims at is to shew,
 The vain externals of a BEAU.

SECTION III.

The ARTFUL MINISTER.

THE statesman labours to be great,
 By managing intrigues of state:
 If he prove faithful to the crown,
 He makes the jealous people frown;
 Who fear, and not without some cause,
 His politics should strain the laws,
 And make (by robbing of the spital)
 The prince too great, and them too little.
 If with the people he unites,
 And labours to secure his rights,
 Courting a popular esteem,
 He then affronts the diadem,
 Who have good reason to believe
 A trimming knave is in his sleeve;
 And that his double Janus' face,
 Is ne'er without a snake i'th' grass,
 Thus men, tho' great, are so unjust,
 People, nor prince, know who to trust.

SECTION IV.

The COURT-COQUETS.

THE ladies, who at court divide
 Their lazy hours 'twixt lust and pride,
 Bit by the dog-star in the breech,
 That makes their tufted honours itch,
 Hurry to plays, and public places,
 To shew their features and their graces,
 In hopes to charm some am'rous spark,
 Who may be trusted in the dark :
 For they are, doubtless, in the right,
 Who (making a false step by night)
 Take care it never comes to light.

}

SECTION V.

The COURT-PRUDES.

THE pious jilt to church repairs,
 And sanctifies her lust with pray'rs,
 Designing only the promotion
 Of some intrigue, and not devotion :
 And e'er she quits the congregation,
 To whisper out some assignation ;
 That the dear blessing which she wanted,
 As soon as pray'd for might be granted.
 Thus does the penitential lover,
 Her lust, with her devotion cover,
 And passes for a virtuous creature,
 That loves pray'rs well—but kissing better.
 Thus ladies, arm'd with all their arts,
 Even in churches throw their darts,
 To win, and wound complacent hearts.

}

SECTION VI.

The COURT-ROVERS.

THE Noble surfeits in the arms
 Of her that has the newest charms;
 From stale to fresh enjoyment roves,
 Like bull among his horned loves;
 That were we (I believe in troth,)
 To view the actions of them both,
 That both alike would prove so kind,
 It would be difficult to find,
 Who would most change of scenes afford,
 The parson's stallion or my lord.
 Courts have their harlotry and vices,
 As well as stews and common places,
 Great lords in palaces have follies,
 As well as those who dwell in allies.
 The difference is, great persons sin in
 Much softer beds and finer linnen,
 Which to their vices adds a gust,
 And makes them close with greater lust:
 A rich, gay dress the fancy warms,
 And gives fair PHYLLIS greater charms:
 It makes us love, and gaze with wonder,
 And think the better of what's under.

SECTION VII.

PRIESTCRAFT A-LA-MODE.

THE church looks languishing and deadly,
 Religion's made a perfect medley:
 Her pastors such a wrangling keep,
 They quite confound their very sheep:

Some

Some are too fiery in their jars ;
 Others as cool as cucumbers :
 And some such trimming moderators
 Whene'er they meddle with church-matters,
 That int'rest ever does allure 'em,
 To join with those who'll best secure 'em,
 And grease their palms to preach and scribble,
 And to their cause pervert the BIBLE.

* * * * *

Hiatus in Manuscripto valde deflendus.

S E C T I O N VIII.

GODLINESS *no manner of* GAIN.

Religion, which we us'd to prize
 Above all things beneath the skies,
 With the GRAVE SAINTS as well as RANTER,
 Is now become a common BANTER ;
 Some use it to improve our fears,
 And set the nation by the ears.
 Others, to cloak their ill designs,
 And hide their anti-christian mines,
 Prepar'd to blow up church and state,
 The only objects of their hate ;
 In short, it is so marr'd and maim'd,
 Men think they've all along been flamm'd
 By an old FABLE, put in print,
 That has but very little in't.
 The wicked ones, who won't obey
 Its salutary precepts, say ; —
 “ Religion ! — 'tis a trick of state,
 “ To make the poor support the great :
 “ It answers not its first intent ;
 “ But breeds those ills it should prevent :

“ It

“ It widens discords, heightens jats,
 “ Draws kingdoms into bloody wars :
 “ It plagues, and disunites the state,
 “ And does REBELLIONS oft create :
 “ It makes men squabble, women rail,
 “ And drunkards quarrel o’er their ale :
 “ It sep’rates subjects from the crown,
 “ And oftentimes pulls monarchs down :
 “ It raises brother against brother,
 “ And makes mankind hate one another ;
 “ It hides the knave, and paints the whore,
 “ And varnishes our vices o’er :
 “ It makes the priest his flock deceive,
 “ And tell them what he don’t believe :
 “ It oft breeds maggots in the crown,
 “ And makes some hang, and others drown :
 “ In short, it so confounds our senses,
 “ We scarce know virtues from offences,
 “ And leads us by so dim a light ;
 “ We’re oft’ner in the wrong than right.
 “ By hobbling guides we’re sometimes taught,
 “ To say, and swear the Lord knows what ;
 “ Do honest things in one king’s reign,
 “ And in the next undo’m again :
 “ Sometimes assert the truth we shall,
 “ And then, forsooth, abjure it all :
 “ Yet they shall say, who rule the roast,
 “ Who skip from pillar unto post,
 “ Do you, as we, your rulers, bid ye,
 “ And we’ll be damn’d if we misguide ye ;”—
 Amen, say I ; for why should we
 For non-compliance punish’d be,
 Yet go to th’ Devil, if we do,
 Those things the laws compel us to ?

Such cruel usage with a murrain,
 Would make a mortal stink like carrion.
 If we are drove, I say, or drawn,
 To wicked deeds by FUR, or LAWN;
 And fright'ned into a concession
 With what Heav'n thinks a vile transgression,
 The sin can ne'er to us accrue;
 Then let the Devil take his due:
 For what grave spiritual logician,
 The body's guide, and soul's physician,
 By all his art can prove that we,
 For their mistakes shall punish'd be?
 No!—the learn'd heads, who boast of knowledge,
 Grave, formal dons, bred up in college,
 Masters of arts, and of discretion,
 Who plead, they hold high heaven's commission,
 To teach us, lead us, and to ride us,
 If they, for int'rest, shall misguide us,
 They're damn'd, if justice be severe,
 As sure as God's in Glouc'stershire;
 Whilst we (poor souls) (for who can blame us?)
 Shall all come off by IGNORAMUS.

SECTION IX.

The COURT RAKES.

THE luscious sin of fornication
 Was never sure so much in fashion;
 Yet those unlucky wags that use it,
 Are taught by th' Devil to excuse it:—
 “ These swear no mortal, 'less their gelt,
 “ That once has love's enjoyments felt,
 “ Can be restrain'd from nature's duty,
 “ Or stand at bay with female beauty;

“ And

“ And that those laws that bind the creature
 “ From the due benefits of nature,
 “ Are such as cannot be obey’d,
 “ And therefore null as soon as made ;
 “ For nothing can oblige us to
 “ What is n’t in our pow’r to do ;
 “ So laws are equally severe,
 “ That punish what we can’t forbear.”
 “ Besides, they say, who love the sport ;
 “ There are these further reasons for’t ;
 “ It serves to populate the nation,
 “ And is a prop to the creation ;
 “ It stocks the town with whores for bubbles,
 “ And breeds fair mistresses for nobles ;
 “ It servants for the rich produces,
 “ Both sexes for all sorts of uses ;
 “ It oft advances orange-wenchers
 “ To coach and six, from play-house benches ;
 “ And when some prince some maid debauches,
 “ Out pops sometimes a duke or dachess.”

SECTION X.

The COURT TIPLERS.

NEXT to this itch that cocks our tails,
 The bottle in its turn prevails ;
 The sober saints, that hate this vice,
 Will flyly charge it on th’ excise ;
 Which makes the loyal hug the pitcher
 Because the throne may grow the richer ;
 The same excuse will serve the sot,
 That loves the pipe as well as pot ;
 For both encrease the crown’s revenues,
 And strengthen the monarchic sinews ;
 Therefore,

The BOOK-WORM:

Therefore, in vain are all our laws
 Against this reigning vice; because
 Say those that steer, the more they swill,
 More grist it brings unto our mill:
 Altho' it adds to th' royal treasure,
 The subjects have the greatest pleasure;
 It conquers virtue's stubborn mind,
 And makes the coyest Phyllis kind;
 It fills rank cowards with great words,
 And makes 'em fear nor guns, nor swords;
 It warms and elevates the senses,
 And levels us with kings and princes;
 Yet those that can't forbear it one day,
 Will rail against it on a Sunday;
 And make some squeamish bigots think,
 'Tis almost damnable to drink.
 Just so good wives their husbands chide
 For staying out till drunken-tide;
 But by themselves they'll sip and rattle,
 And twenty smutty stories prattle,
 When gather'd round the brandy-bottle.

F I N I S.

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